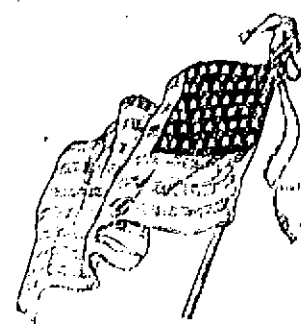


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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1894, and is now in its one hundred and sixteenth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with more than half a dozen exceptions. The object printed in the English language. It is a large weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected advertising and valuable financial and household departments. Teaching to many households in this and other states, the United States, and to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

The Coddington Point Valuation

Unless the City of Newport, or some individual or group of individuals, comes to the aid quickly, the extension of the Naval Training Station here will be one of the things that we can look back upon some years from now as something that we might have done. The commission to appraise the lands of the Narragansett Bay Realty Company has fixed the value at \$1100 an acre, which will bring the total price of the property the Government might use to a sum far in excess of what it had been estimated the Government would pay. Some time ago Captain Campbell intimated that the Government might be willing to pay \$75,000 for the land, but this valuation fixes the holdings of the Narragansett Bay Realty Company at approximately \$161,000, and to this should be added the value of the Weld, Willoughby, Harker and Howell properties, which would complete the tract west of the railroad on Coddington's Point. The only step that remains to be taken, apparently, would be for the city to buy the land at the price fixed by the commission and sell it to the Government for whatever price Secretary Daniels might be willing to pay, even making it a gift if necessary. However, such matters move slowly, and by the time the city makes up its mind to this action it will probably be too late; even now the department may have decided to abandon all plans for this property and to develop some other station at the expense of Newport.

Although the commission is in the nature of a semi-official board, it really has no standing and its appraisal is binding upon no one. On failing to agree with the Navy department as to a price to be paid for this land, the Narragansett Bay Realty Company suggested a commission to be appointed by Captain Campbell, Mayor Burdick and the owners, but Captain Campbell declined to take any action on the part of the navy, being without authority. Mayor Burdick, however, appointed Ernest Howe, the owners appointed Patrick H. Horgan, and those two selected Philip Caswell as the third member of the commission. They went at their task as soon as the commission was organized, and on Thursday reported a valuation of \$1100 an acre for the approximately 1404 acres which the land company owns. This is generally regarded as a reasonable price for the land and improvements.

Although the Narragansett Bay Realty Company owns the bulk of the land west of the railroad, the Navy would want all that section if it took any, and there are four other owners whose price would have to be figured into any total offered by the city or there.

Mrs. T. Shaw Safe is expected to return to Newport next week, after having spent a portion of the winter in California.

Board of Aldermen.

The weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a rather busy one, there being several contracts to be awarded in addition to a considerable amount of routine business. There were three bids for printing and binding the City Manuals, but one was unopened; as this was the highest bid no harm was done. The contract was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company, whose bid was much lower than that of the next lowest bidder.

Bids were also opened for motorizing the city ambulance, the amount available being \$1100. The lowest bid was from the Vim Truck Motor Sales Co. for \$1075, and after some discussion the contract was awarded to this firm. Bids were also received for White, Maxwell and Ford equipment, but were in excess of the amount available.

A letter purporting to be from E. W. Smith was received in which the writer complained of some of the methods of the street commissioner. As the members of the board were unable to identify the writer, they took no action on the matter other than to invite E. W. Smith to appear before the board next Tuesday evening. It appeared to the members of the board that the letter was in the nature of an anonymous communication.

Many licenses of various kinds were granted, including a number of dance licenses. A petition for repairs to Farewell street was referred to the street commissioner. Chief of Police John S. Tobin brought several business matters before the board, and a committee was appointed to look into the condition of the department's motorcycles and report back to the next meeting.

General Assembly

The House of Representatives has this week passed the annual appropriation bill, three days having been devoted to this measure. On Tuesday the bill was read by items, and those to which no objection was entered were made a part of the bill. Wednesday and Thursday being devoted to discussions of the disputed items. Although the Democrats made a hard fight, and on some items secured a few Republican votes, the bill was finally passed without amendment as it came from the finance committee. It will go to the Senate next week.

The Senate has devoted a large part of its time this week to wordy discussions over the records as they appeared in the Senate Journal, the minority endeavoring to secure amendments which were voted down by the majority. At times the discussion was very acrimonious, and the Lieutenant Governor had some difficulty in maintaining order.

The last day for introducing new business has been passed, so that no additional measures can now be put in except by unanimous consent. The committees are trying now to get measures in shape to report before the 56th day of the session, which is April 11. The Legislature adjourned over Good Friday, which will carry the session along one more day, the 60th day being April 17, and it is generally believed that final adjournment will be reached on April 19.

A large number of the Naval Reserve force from this district went to Providence on Thursday to attend the dance at Rhodes that evening. They were accompanied by their fanious band and a short parade was made through the streets of Providence before proceeding to the dance hall. A special train was run as far as Fall River, but from that point the Newporters took the regular electric to Providence, additional cars being attached for their accommodation. Travel by all trains and by the Bristol Ferry route was heavy throughout the afternoon.

Tomorrow will be Easter Sunday and as usual the churches of the Christian faith have made arrangements for elaborate programs of music for the occasion. Augmented choirs will be seen in many of the churches, and special sermons appropriate to the occasion will be delivered by the pastors. On Monday the Protestant Episcopal churches will hold their annual elections.

Hon. Frederick P. Garretson is making his plans to handle the next liberty loan in Newport County, having been eminently successful with the two previous loans.

Grass fires have kept a portion of the fire department busy this week. The dead grass is very dry and burns freely when fire comes into contact with it.

Some Farm Work Begun

The frost is pretty well out of the ground and some ploughing is being done, although there have been few warm spring days as yet, and the ground is still very cold. There has not been much precipitation of late, and unless there are abundant spring rains next month the year will be a poor one for crops, as well as endangering the water supply of the city of Newport. Many "war gardens" are being planned in Newport, and it is expected that the number will considerably exceed that of last year, but the farmers think that they will do well to maintain the same acreage as last year without making any increase, because of the scarcity of labor. Last year some crops were allowed to remain in the ground without being harvested because of the impossibility of securing the men necessary to get them under cover. There have been several propositions advanced by the State for the aid of the farmer this year, but none of them have as yet been adopted. One proposition calls for the payment by the State of a bonus for all cultivated acreage over a certain proportion of the total land available, but while this might benefit the market gardeners somewhat, it does not seem to make much appeal to the general farmer, who says that his greatest need is for labor.

There has been some talk of the State purchasing small tractors and distributing them at strategic points for the assistance of the farmers in ploughing and other work on the farms. Some persons have suggested that the short term prisoners at the State institutions be assigned to farm work, but what the farmers really want is skilled farm labor.

Triennial Meeting of the Sons of the Revolution

At the meeting of the board of managers of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, held at the rooms of the Minton Club Monday night, John P. Sanborn, Thomas P. Peckham and J. Royal Sanborn were appointed delegates to attend the triennial meeting of the General Society to be held in the city of Philadelphia on April 19-20. One of the principal features of the meeting will be a visit on Saturday to Valley Forge, where a trying winter was passed by the patriotic army in the darkest days of the Revolution. At this meeting there will be representatives present from the societies in nearly every State in the Union.

For National Army

Newport sent thirteen more men into the Federal service on Friday, one of whom was a volunteer, Joseph Lincoln Turner. The men took the 8:15 train for Providence Friday morning where they were met by an officer of the Federal government to be conveyed to their destination. They assembled at the office of the local board on Thursday afternoon, where they received their final papers and instructions. The Home Service section of the local Chapter of the Red Cross had a talk with the men Thursday morning, explaining to them some of their privileges and duties.

The quarantine ship Newark, which has been anchored in Providence harbor a number of years for the isolation of contagious diseases found in the immigrants arriving there, is to be transferred to Newport at once, and will be used here during the duration of the war as a quarantine ship for the navy department. The vessel will be returned to Providence at the close of the war, although there has been little use for her up the river as yet, and her grim appearance has not added to the beauty of the upper bay.

Mayor Burdick returned from New York early in the week, after having been presented with his decoration of the second order, Secret Treasure of Japan. The presentation was made by the Japanese Consul General at New York, by order of the Emperor of Japan. The decoration is a beautiful piece of work, and the Mayor may well feel pleased at the distinguished honor that has been conferred upon him.

Several more traffic directors, or "silent policemen," similar to those in use on Washington Square, have arrived for the use of the police department and will be placed at points where they are most needed.

The Newport Casino is receiving its spring overhauling preparatory to opening for the season on May 1st as usual. The daily and Sunday concerts will be discontinued this year as they were last year, on account of war conditions.



KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

(Till the Boys Come Home.)

They were summoned from the hills,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready,
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the Soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking
Make it sing this cheery song.

Chorus

Keep the home fires burning,
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining,
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
"Help a Nation in distress!"
And we gave our glorious laddies,
Honor made us do no less.
For no gallant Son of Freedom
To a tyrant's yoke should bend,
And a noble heart must answer
To the sacred call of "Friend."

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. WILLIAM F. WYATT

Mrs. W. Frank Wyatt died at the Newport Hospital on Tuesday, after having been a sufferer from pneumonia for a short time. Her death, however, was directly attributable to the explosion at the Torpedo Station two months previously, when her son, Mr. Frank E. Wyatt, lost his life. His death was a great shock to her and her health had failed steadily, so that she was unable to withstand the attack of pneumonia that developed.

Mrs. Wyatt was well known throughout the city, especially in Odd Fellow circles. She was Past Grand of Esther Rebekah Lodge, and had served as District Deputy Grand Master. She was a regular attendant at the lodge meetings and was an indefatigable worker.

Mrs. Wyatt is survived by her husband and one daughter, Mrs. Melville Pierce of Fall River; also by a sister, Mrs. Eliza G. Alderson.

The first practice march of the spring season by the apprentices from the Training Station was held on Wednesday afternoon, a large crowd of people being attracted to the streets to see them pass. One regiment was paraded, accompanied by the band from the Musicians' School and the large Bugle squad. The practice marches will be continued as long as the weather permits, being followed by battalion drills on the parade ground at the Station when the weather becomes too hot for comfortable marching.

Oscar Rudbeck, a resident of Newport and a third-class machinist attached to the U. S. torpedo boat Hull, was drowned off the Virginia Capes on March 15. Word to this effect was received by his mother, Mrs. Esther Rudbeck, who lives in this city. The young man was twenty years of age, and had been in the navy for some time.

The Carpenters' Union is planning for a flag-raising at its quarters in the Southwick building in the near future, and hopes to secure Governor R. Livingston Beekman to deliver the principal address on that occasion. Messrs. Richard B. Scott and Perry B. Dawley went to Providence on Wednesday to make the arrangements with the Governor.

There is not only a scarcity of residences in Newport, but also of stores for business purposes. One prominent business man of Fall River, who has been seeking a location here, has been able to find but one available store and he cannot obtain possession of that until the present tenant decides to move out.

The large store of the Titus Company has been used for lectures and demonstrations on the value and use of milk by Miss Annie S. Hoxsie this week. An effective window display has also been of much value in educating the passing throng to the value of milk as a substitute for less valuable food articles.

It is reported that the old fish works in Portsmouth, near the railroad bridge, have been sold for the purpose of erecting a shipbuilding plant there.

There will be a competitive examination for the positions of clerk and carrier at the local postoffice on April 27.

Bath Road Work Begun

Work has been begun on the extensive improvement of Bath Road which has been under contemplation for a number of years. The program was started by the gift to the city of a strip of land by Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lives, followed by a similar gift from Hon. George Peabody Wetmore. The city later condemned some adjoining land, so that the land available for the widening extends from Edgar court to Rhode Island avenue. East of that point the program is blocked by the land of the Misses Mason, which the owners have thus far refused to part with.

The plan of improvement calls for a wide roadway, with the car tracks in the center and a driveway on each side, which will afford not only more accommodation for traffic but which will also beautify the region very considerably. This week, the highway department has commenced the task of setting the curb on the north side of the road, and it is hoped that the entire work can be completed in time for the summer traffic along that important highway.

The commission to place a value upon the Coddington Point lands which it is hoped that the Navy department will take over for the extension of the Naval Station here, has at last been completed. The Narragansett Realty Company, owners of the land, named Patrick H. Horgan as their member of the commission, and Mayor Clark Burdick named Ernest Howe. This was accomplished some days ago, but the problem has been to find a third member satisfactory to both. Each of the two named several men, but in no case were the suggestions satisfactory to the other until they finally united on the choice of Philip Caswell of Middletown. The commission therefore consists of Messrs. Horgan, Howe and Caswell.

The use of the coal cards, which have been a feature of Newport winter life for several months, has been discontinued, as there is now a sufficient supply of coal on hand to supply all present needs. The dealers hope to be able soon to start on the filling of bins for next winter, as it is the wish of the national fuel administration that all consumers lay in their supply ahead as far as they are able in order to avoid another experience just as the country has just passed through. If consumers buy their coal during the spring and summer, the mines can be worked steadily and the transportation can be accomplished under the most favorable weather conditions.

A well known peanut vender named Meroiths, who maintains a stand at the foot of Cotton's court on Thames street, claims to have been the victim of an assault on Long wharf late Tuesday night. He has a bad scalp wound and an injured hand, and is at the Newport Hospital for treatment. He claims that he was struck from behind by a piece of pipe near the office of the Newport Ice Company on Long wharf while going to his home with his business receipts in his pocket. Although the police have found two men who were in the vicinity at the time, they can find no witness of the assault.

The annual town meetings in the towns of Jamestown and Middletown will be held on Wednesday next. At the Middletown meeting there will be a proposition on the ballot to approve or reject the law passed a short time ago by the General Assembly providing for biennial elections in the town.

The Torpedo Station employees have organized a baseball team for the season, and the change in time to go into effect next Sunday will give them much available daylight in the afternoon for the contests.

On account of the Federal regulations regarding the sale of liquor within the five-mile zone of the Newport Naval Station, the bar on the Fall River line steamers is closed between Bradford and Beavertail.

The Newport Central Labor Union has forwarded to President Wilson a petition for a new trial in the case of Thomas Mooney, convicted by the courts of complicity in the explosion of a bomb in San Francisco.

Mr. Arthur S. Roberts, one of the masters at St. George's School, gave a talk on "Hungary" in the Drexel Hut at the Naval Training Station on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. W. Covell have moved into the William K. Covell residence on Washington street, as Mr. and Mrs. William K. Covell have decided to remain at their home on Farewell street for the summer.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From the Middletown Correspondent.)

St. George's School reopened on Wednesday after the spring recess of two weeks. The members of the vested choir from the Parish resumed their duties at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel at the 10:30 Friday service. During the absence of the students, who form so large a part of the Sunday congregations, the services have been conducted, morning and evening at the Parish House. On Easter Day a special communion will be given at 9:15 for the families of the parish. At 10 a. m. the children's Sunday School service will be held, and at 11 the usual preaching service.

The weekly meeting of the Paradise Club was devoted to the subject "Our Planet Neighbors," with Miss Eliza M. Peckham as hostess. On Thursday of next week, a Victrola recital will be given for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, the records to be loaned by the members. The committee in charge will comprise the officers, and the affair will be given at the home of the vice president, Mrs. Harry E. Peckham, on Paradise avenue. Afternoon tea will be served.

The children of the Oliphant School will give an entertainment Monday evening at the town hall for the benefit of the school Victrola record fund. Hodgson's Orchestra will furnish music, and also for the dancing. Miss Nellie Parquin, the principal of the building, will be in charge.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society Tuesday, at the M. E. Church parlors, was devoted to an especial Lenten program and offering conducted by Mrs. Ida M. Brown, comprising Scriptural readings, music, poems and Lenten readings by the members. During the business session the nominating committee presented the following list of officers for the year, which was accepted:

President—Mrs. Fred P. Webber.
First Vice President—Mrs. John Nicholson.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Rowland Fry.

Recording Secretary—Miss Sadie E. Peckham.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham.

Treasurer—Mrs. Abram A. Brown.

Secretary, Periodicals—Mrs. Fred A. Smith.

Secretary, Temperance Work—Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell.

Program Committee—Mrs. Isaac Peabody, Miss Amy Barker and Miss Ida H. Brown.

Mr. Lloyd Peckham spent Saturday and Sunday at Ayer, Mass., where his brother, Mr. Roy Peckham, is at Camp Devens. Mr. Peckham was accompanied by Messrs. Edward E. Peckham and George H. Irish.

Good Friday services were held at St. Mary's Church in the morning and at the Church of the Holy Cross in the evening, the Rev. Everett P. Smith officiating. On Easter Day, the Sunday School service at St. Mary's will be at 9:45 and the usual morning service with sermon at 10:45. At Holy Cross the Sunday School service will follow the usual service at 2:30 p. m.

The farmers have been loath to begin plowing, but apparently the frost is now out and some have begun to turn over the ground this week. The roads have dried up unusually well as there have been no rains to keep them muddy. Some of the usual bad spots will, of course, take longer to return to normal, especially where shaded by trees.

There was an especial observance of Palm Sunday in the three churches of the town. At the Berkeley Parish House, the rector, the Rev. J. Harding Hughes, distributed branches of palm to the adults, and to the children of the Sunday School, small crosses made from the palms.

Mrs. William M. Spooner and Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham of Aquidneck Grange, have been invited to act as judges at Portsmouth Grange at their April meetings. The first, on April 4th, will be devoted to an entertainment by the "Brothers," that on April 18 by the "Sisters," the program to be given in competition, as has been so successfully done by Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, and Napaquaket Grange, Stone Bridge.

The March meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange, held at Whit-trede Hall, Tiverton, by invitation of Napaquaket Grange, was devoted to "State Officers' Day," the all-day session being one of unusual interest and profit. The visiting officials included not only members of the State Grange but officers of other Pomonas. The state master, Sayles B. Steere, of Chepachet, was the afternoon speaker, and gave a forceful talk on "Pessimism and Optimism." Remarks were made by visiting officers and a pleasing literary and musical program was given by the entertaining grange, who served a course dinner at noon.

Six candidates were obligated in the fifth degree by Providence County Deputy Master T. Maker, of Warren. The appearance of the Rev. John T. Gardner of Holy Trinity, Tiverton, was in the nature of a farewell as he assumes his new charge in Providence Easter evening. He was especially prominent on the program through a short talk, several vocal numbers, and readings, and was also called upon to present to the lecturer, Lester W. Lloyd, the County Agent for the Newport County Farm Bureau, and his bride, in behalf of the Grange, a large handsome potted azalea. Within its branches was a silver gift in money. This unexpected part of the program came as a complete surprise not only to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd but to the greater number of Grange members, who did not know of his recent marriage. The presentation was one of the features of the day, having been artistically arranged to give it dramatic effect. The hall was attractively decorated in large and small American flags and potted flowering hyacinths, the plants having afterwards been sent to shut-in members.

Long Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—The crown prince of Livonia, Ferdinand William Otto, ten years old, taken by his aunt to the opera, hears of the singing and singing to the party, and there makes the acquaintance of Bobby Thorpe, a little American boy.

CHAPTER II—Returning to the palace at night the crown prince finds everything in an uproar as a result of the search for him. The chancellor impresses on the old king, the boy's grandfather, who is very ill, the need for better protection of the crown prince and suggests that the friendship of the neighboring king of Karolia be cemented by giving the princess Hedwig in marriage to him. The old king finally agrees.

CHAPTER III—Hedwig herself, who loves Nikky Larisch, a girl who is betrothed to the king's son, is upset by the king's decision.

CHAPTER IV—Countess Loschek, lady in waiting to Anunciata, in 1910 with Karl of Karolia, is jealous of Hedwig. She plots to start a revolt in Livonia by sending a cable letter to Karl telling him of conditions in the country. Peter Kiburg, who was to deliver the message, is betrayed by a fellow clerk, Herman Splier.

CHAPTER V—Nikky is robbed of the necklace, and a dummy letter substituted; Captain Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's chauffeur and seizes the envelope.

CHAPTER VI—Black Humbert, prominent among the terrorists, decodes Countess Loschek's message with the aid of a student named Huchel, a fellow spy, whom the terrorists are holding prisoner.

CHAPTER VII—Captain Larisch impersonates Karl's chauffeur and exchanges the sheet within the letter for some cigarette papers. On delivering the note to Karl, Larisch is made prisoner when the deception is discovered. Hedwig's consent to the marriage is obtained by the king, chancellor of Livonia, concludes the arrangements for the marriage and leaves for wedding, King Karl's hunting lodge.

CHAPTER VIII—On the way to wedding Chancellor Mettlich's party finds Karl's chauffeur, with whom Larisch had changed clothes, bound and gagged. They release him and proceed with him to the king's hunting lodge. The chauffeur escapes. Mettlich and King Karl reach a satisfactory arrangement as to the marriage, and Karl releases Larisch, after telling him of the coming wedding.

CHAPTER IX—Old Adelbert, crippled veteran, lives an attendant at the opera house, loses his position and becomes bitter against the king and the chancellor.

CHAPTER X—Countess Loschek finds her room in the palace searched and incriminating documents stolen. She also finds a summons to appear before the Committee of Ten of the crown prince. She goes, and is ordered to assist in the kidnapping of the crown prince, under threat of having her duplicity revealed to Chancellor Mettlich. She is given a week to consider.

CHAPTER XI—Hedwig, in desperation at the thought of the marriage with Karl, urges Larisch to escape with her. He points out the impossibility of the scheme and leaves Hedwig in despair.

CHAPTER XII—Mettlich, knowing of the attachment between Hedwig and Captain Larisch, points out to the latter the impossibility of his marrying the princess and secures from him a promise never to desert the crown prince.

CHAPTER XIII—The American boy, Bobby Thorpe, finds the secret passage way from the palace, by which the court plans to escape if the terrorists make flight necessary, and takes old Adelbert, now a revolutionist, into the secret.

CHAPTER XIV—Adelbert informs the Committee of Ten of the finding of the secret passage. The terrorists fix the carnival as the time for kidnapping the crown prince.

CHAPTER XV—King Karl visits Livonia to have a personal understanding with Hedwig, and becomes acquainted with the troubled state of the country; Countess Loschek agrees to assist in the kidnapping of the crown prince.

CHAPTER XVI—Hedwig pleads with Larisch to take her away, but Larisch remains true to his promise to Mettlich never to leave the crown prince.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Pirate's Den.

Miss Bruthwaite was asleep on the couch in her sitting room, deeply asleep, so that when Prince Ferdinand William Otto changed the cold cloth on her head, she did not even move. The Countess Loschek had brought her some medicine.

"It cured her very quickly," said the crown prince, shuffling the cards with clumsy fingers. He and Nikky were playing a game in which matches represented money. The crown prince had won nearly all of them and was quite pink with excitement. "It's my deal, isn't it? When she goes to sleep like that, she nearly always wakes up much better. She's very sound asleep."

Nikky played absently, and lost the game. The crown prince triumphantly scooped up the rest of the matches. Then he lounged to the window, his hands in his pockets. There was something on his mind which the chancellor's reference to Hedwig's picture had recalled. Something he wished to say to Nikky, without looking at him.

So he cleared his throat, and looked out the window, and said, very casually:

"Hilda says that Hedwig is going to get married."

"So I hear, highness."

"She doesn't seem to be very happy about it. She's crying most of the time."

It was Nikky's turn to clear his throat. "Marriage is a serious matter," he said. "It is not to be gone into lightly."

"Once, when I asked you about marriage, you said marriage was when two people loved each other, and wanted to be together the rest of their lives."

"Well," hedged Nikky, "that is the idea, rather."

"I should think," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, slightly red, "that you would marry her yourself."

Nikky began to stammer for an instant, but he had his royal duties to perform. "Very true and sad," he said, "but the crown prince went to the opera last night, and he said: 'I

think she would make a good wife."

There was something of reproach in his tone. He had confidently planned that Nikky would marry Hedwig, and that they could all live on forever in the palace. But, the way things were going, Nikky might marry anybody, and go away to live, and he would lose him.

"Yes," said Nikky, in a strange voice, "she—I am sure she would make a good wife."

At which Prince Ferdinand William Otto turned and looked at him. "I wish you would marry her yourself," he said with his nearest approach to impatience. "I think she'd be willing. I'll ask her, if you want me to."

Half-past three, then, and Nikky trying to explain, within the limits of the boy's understanding of life, his position. Members of royal families, he said, looking far away, over the child's head, had to do many things for the good of the country. And marrying was one of them. He sat bent forward, his hands swung between his knees, and tried to visualize, for Otto's understanding and his own heartache, the results of such a marriage.

Some of it the boy grasped. A navy, ships, a railroad to the sea—those he could understand. Treaties were beyond his comprehension. And, with a child's singleness of idea, he returned to the marriage.

"I'm sure she doesn't care about it," he said at last. "If I were king I would not let her do it. And"—he sat very erect and swung his short legs—"when I grow up, I shall fight for a navy, if I want one, and I shall marry whoever I like."

At a quarter to four Olga Loschek was announced. She made the curtsy inside the door that palace ceremonial demanded and inquired for the governess. Prince Ferdinand William Otto, who had risen at her entrance, offered to see if she still slept.

"I think you are a very good doctor," he said, smiling, and went out to Miss Bruthwaite's sitting room. It was then that Olga Loschek played the last card, and won. She moved quickly to Nikky's side.

"I have a message for you," she said.

A light leaped into Nikky's eyes. "For me?"

"Do you know where my boudoir is?"

"—yes, countess."

"If you will go there at once and wait, some one will see you there as soon as possible." She put her hand

on his arm. "Don't be foolish and proud," she said. "She is sorry—about last night, and she is very unhappy."

The light faded out of Nikky's eyes. She was unhappy and he could do nothing. They had a way, in the palace, of binding one's hands and leaving one helpless. He could not even go to her.

"I cannot go, countess," he said. "She must understand. Today, of all days—"

"You mean that you cannot leave the crown prince?" She shrugged her shoulders. "You, too! Never have I seen so many faint hearts, such rolling eyes, such shaking knees! And for what? Because a few timid souls see a danger that does not exist."

"I think it does exist," said Nikky obstinately.

"I am to take the word to her, then, that you will not come?"

"That I cannot."

"You are a very foolish boy," said the countess, watching him. "And since you are so fearful, I myself will remain here. There are sentries at the doors, and a double guard everywhere. What, in the name of all that is absurd, can possibly happen?"

That was when the door, for Nikky who has never been, in all his history, anything of a hero, and all of the room and boudoir boy—Nikky wavered and fell.

When Prince Ferdinand William

Otto returned, it was with the word that Miss Bruthwaite still slept, and that she looked very comfortable. Nikky was gone, and the countess stood by a window, holding to the sill to support her shaking body.

It was done. The boy was in her hands. There was left only to deliver him to those who, even now, were on the way. Nikky was safe. He would wait in her boudoir, and Hedwig would not come. She had sent no message. She was, indeed, at that moment a part of one of those melancholy family groups which, the world over, in palace or peasant's hut, await the coming of death.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto clutched. He got out the picture frame for Hedwig, which was flanked now, with the exception of burning his initials in the lower left hand corner. After inquiring politely if the smell of burning would annoy her, the crown prince drew a rather broken-backed "E," a weakened "W," and an irregular "O" in the corner and proceeded to burn them in. He sat bent over the desk, the very tip of his tongue protruding, and worked conscientiously and carefully. Between each letter he burned a dot.

Suddenly, Olga Loschek became pale-stricken. She could not stay, and see this thing out. Let them follow her and punish her. She could not! She had done her part. The governess lay in a drugged sleep. A turn of the key, and the door to the passage beyond which Oskar waited would be closed off. Let follow what must, she would not see it.

"Highness," she said, "Lieutenant Larisch will be here in a moment. Will you permit me to go?"

Otto was off his chair in an instant. "Certainly," he said, his mind still on the "O" which he was shading.

Old habit was strong in the countess. Although the boy's rank was numbered by moments, although his life was possibly to be counted by hours, she turned at the doorway and swept him a curtsy. Then she went out, and closed the door behind her.

The two sentries stood outside. They were of the terrorists. She knew, and they knew she knew. But neither one made a sign. They stared ahead, and Olga Loschek went out between them.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was only a small boy, for all his title and dignity. And suddenly he felt lonely. Left alone, he returned to his expectations for the day, and compared them with the facts. He remembered other carnivals, with his carriage moving through the streets, and people showering him with fresh flowers. He rather glowed at the memory. Then he recalled that the chancellor had said he needed fresh air.

Something occurred to him, something which combined fresh air with action, yet kept to the letter of his promise—or was there a promise?—not to leave the palace.

The idea pleased him. It set him to smiling, and his bright hair to quivering with excitement. It was nothing less than to go on the roof and find the ball. And he would have to hurry. Nikky would be sure to return soon.

He opened the door on to the great corridor, and stepped out, saluting the sentries, as he always did.

"I'll be back in a moment," he informed them. He was always on terms of great friendliness with the guard, and he knew these men by sight. "Are you going to be stationed here now?" he inquired pleasantly.

The two guards were at a loss. But one of them, who had a son of his own, and hated the whole business, saluted and replied that he knew not.

"I hope you are," said Ferdinand William Otto, and went on.

The sentries regarded one another. "Let him go!" said the one who was a father.

The other one moved uneasily. "Our orders cover no such contingency," he muttered. "And, besides, he will come back. I hope to God he does not come back," he added stonily.

Five minutes to four.

The crown prince hurried. The corridors were almost empty. Here and there he met servants, who stood stiff against the wall until he had passed. On the marble staircase, leading up, he met no one, nor on the upper floor. He was quite warm with running and he paused in his father's suite to mop his face. Then he opened a window and went out on the roof. From the balcony, it looked extremely far to the ground.

Nevertheless, although his heart beat a trifle fast, he was still determined. A climb which Nikky with his long legs had achieved in a leap, took him up to a chimney. Below—it seemed a long way below—was the gutter.

There was a very considerable slant. If one sat down, like Nikky, and slid, and did not slide over the edge, one should fetch up in the gutter.

He felt a trifle dizzy. But Nikky's theory was, that if one is afraid to do a thing, better to do it and get over being afraid.

So the crown prince sat down on the sloping roof behind the chimney and gathered his legs under him for a slide. Well for him that the ancient builders of the palace had been reckless with lead, that the gutter was both wide and deep. Well for Nikky, too, waiting in the boudoir below and hard driven between love and anxiety.

The crown prince, unaccustomed to tiles, turned over halfway down, and rolled. He brought up with a jerk in the gutter, quite safe, but extremely frightened. He sat there for quite a few minutes. There was no ball in sight, and the roof looked even steeper from this point.

Being completely self-engrossed, therefore, he did not see that the roof had another visitor. Had two visitors, as a matter of fact. One of them was a blanket with a white "O" over a white "N" on it, and the other was a duck, and considerable kitchen cutlery fastened to his belt. They had come out of a small door in the turret and were very much at ease. They leaned over the parapet and admired the view. They climbed on one of the garden

chairs and looked over the expanse of the roof, which was when they saw Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and gazed at him.

"Go, whizz!" said the larger pirate, through his mask. "What are you doing there?"

The crown prince started, and stared. "I am sitting here," explained the crown prince, trying to look as though he usually sat in lead gutters. "I am looking for a ball."

"You're looking for a ball, I guess," observed the pirate. "You don't remember me, kid, do you?"

"I can't see your face, but I know your voice." His voice trembled with excitement.

"Lemme give you a hand," said the pirate, whipping off his mask. "You make me nervous, sitting there. You've got a nerve, you have."

The crown prince looked gratified. "I don't need any assistance, thank you," he said. "Perhaps, now I'm here, I'd better look for the ball."

"I wouldn't bother about the old ball," said the pirate, rather nervously for an old sea-dog. "You better get back to a safe place. Say, what made you pretend to our railway inside you nervous?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto climbed up the tiles, trying to look as though this was his native habitat. The pirates both regarded him with admiration, as he dropped beside them.

"How did you happen to come here?" asked the crown prince. "Did you lose your aeroplane up here?"

"We came on business," said the pirate importantly. "Two of the enemy entered our cave. We were guarding it from the underbrush, and saw them go in. We trailed them. They must die!"

"Heavily—die?"

"Of course. Death to those who defy us."

"Death to those who defy us!" repeated the crown prince, enjoying himself hugely, and quite ready for bloodshed.

"Look here, Dick Deadeye," said the larger pirate to the smaller, who stood gravely at attention. "I think he belongs to our crew. What say, old pal?"

Dick Deadeye wagged his tail. Some two minutes later, the crown prince of Livonia, having sworn the

pirate oath of no quarter, except to women and children, was on his way to the pirate cave.

He was not running away. He was not disabused. He was breaking no promises. Because, from the moment he saw the two confederates, and particularly from the moment he swore the delightful oath, his past was wiped away. There was, in his consciousness, no palace, no grandfather, no Miss Bruthwaite, even no Nikky. There was only a boy and a dog, and a pirate den awaiting him.

"How'd you happen to be in that gutter?" Bobby demanded, as they started down the staircase in the wall. "Watch out, son. It's pretty steep."

"I was getting a ball."

"Is this your house?"

"Well, I live here," temporized Prince Ferdinand William Otto. A terrible thought came to him. Suppose this American boy, who detested kings and princes, should learn who he was!

"It looks like a big place. Is it a barracks?"

"No." He hesitated. "But there are a good many soldiers here. I—I never saw these steps before."

"I should think not," boasted Bobby. "I discovered them. I guess nobody else in the world knows about them. I put up a flag at the bottom and took possession. They're mine."

"Really!" said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, quite delighted. He would never have thought of such a thing.

A door of iron bars at the foot of the long flight of steps—there were four of them—stood open. Here daylight, which had been growing fainter, entirely ceased. And here Bobby, having replaced his mask, placed an air rifle over his shoulder, and lighted a candle and held it out to the crown prince.

"You can carry it," he said. "Only don't let it drip on you. You'll spoil your clothes." There was a faintly scornful note in his voice, and Ferdinand William Otto was quick to hear it.

"I don't care at all about my clothes," he protested. And to prove it he deliberately tilted the candle and let a thin stream of paraffin run down his shirt jacket.

"You're a pretty good sport," Bobby observed. And from that time on he addressed his royal highness as "old sport."

When they reached the old dungeon the candle was about done. There was only time to fashion another black mask out of a piece of cloth that bore a strange resemblance to a black walrus. The crown prince donned this with a willy beating heart. Never in all his life had he been so excited.

"We can get another candle, and come back and cook something," said the senior pirate, tying the mask on with strips of brown string. "It gets pretty smoky, but I can cook, you'll better believe."

So this wonderful boy could cook, and the crown prince had never met any one with so many varied attainments. He gazed through the eyeholes, which were rather too far apart, in rapt admiration.

"As you haven't got a belt," Bobby said generously, "I'll give you the rifle. Ever hold a gun?"

"Oh, yes," said the crown prince. He did not explain that he had been taught to shoot on the rifle range of his own regiment, and had won quite a number of medals. He possessed, indeed, quite a number of small but very perfect guns.

With the last gasp of the candle, the children prepared to depart. The senior pirate had already forgotten the

two men he had trailed through the passage, and was eager to get outdoors.

"Ready!" he said. "Now, remember, old sport, we are pirates. No quarter, except to women and children. Shoot every man."

"Even if he is unarmed?" inquired the crown prince, who had also studied strategy and tactics, and felt that an unarmed man should be taken prisoner.

"Sure. We don't really shoot them, silly. Now. Get in step."

Then began, for the crown prince, such a day of joy as he had never known before. Even the Land of Delight faded before this new bliss of strolling from tree to tree, of killing unsuspecting citizens who sat on rugs on the ground and ate sausages and little cakes. Here and there, where a party had moved on, they salvaged a bit of food—the heel of a loaf, one of the small country apples. Shades of the court physicians, under whose direction the crown prince was duly fed a carefully balanced ration!

When they were weary, they stretched out on the ground, and the crown prince, whose head was nightly dried with a warming pan for fear of dampness, wallowed blissfully on earth still soft with the melting frosts of the winter. He grew muddy and dirty. He had no hat, of course, and his bright hair hung over his forehead in moist strands. Now and then he drew a long breath of sheer happiness.

As dusk descended, the crowd gradually dispersed, some to supper, but some to gather in the place and in the streets around the palace. For the rumor that the king was dying would not down.

At last the senior pirate consulted a large nickel watch. "Gee! It's almost supper time," he said.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto consulted his own watch, the one with the inscription: "To Ferdinand William Otto, from his grandfather, on the occasion of his taking his first communion."

"Why can't you come home to supper with me?" asked the senior pirate. "Would your folks kick up a row?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Would your family object?"

"There is only one person who would mind," reflected the crown prince, aloud, "and she will be angry, anyhow. I—do you think your mother will be willing?"

"Willin'?" Sure she will! My governess—but I'll fix her. She's a German, and they're always cranky. Anyhow, it's my birthday. I'm always allowed a guest on birthdays."

So home together, gayly chatting, went the two children, along the cobble-paved streets of the ancient town, past old churches that had been sacked and pillaged by the very ancestors of one of them, taking short cuts through narrow passages that twisted and wormed their way between; and so, finally, to the door of a tall building where, from the countess's room beside the entrance, came a look of staring garlic.

Neither of the children had noticed the unwonted silence of the street, which had almost stillness, save for the noise of the carnival. When they passed by they had seen had been hurrying in the direction of the palace. Twice they had passed soldiers with bayonets and rifles had stopped

and flashed a light on them.

"Well, old sport!" said Bobby in English, "anything you can do for me?"

The soldier had passed on, muttering of the insolence of American children. The two youngsters laughed considerably at the witless man.

The countess was out. Her dress, which she had worn to the opera, she had left in the wardrobe. The children had slipped up the winding stone staircase, with its iron rail and its gas lantern, in the second floor.

In the sitting room, the non-fused gasolene was shining a hole in a small stocking. She looked at it, and clock.

"You are fifteen minutes late," she snapped, and bit the dancing thread, not with rage, but because she had forgotten her release.

"I'm sorry, but you see—"

"When have you there?"

"A friend of mine," said Bobby, not a whit daunted.

The governess put down the stocking and rose, in so doing, she caught her first real glimpse of Ferdinand William Otto, and she shivered back.

"Holy Sante!" she said, and went white. Then she stared at the boy, and her color came back. "For a moment," she muttered—"but no, he is not so tall, nor has he the manner. Yes, he is much smaller!"

Which proves that, whether it wears it or not, royalty is always measured to the top of a crown.

In the next room Bobby's mother was arranging candles on a birthday cake in the center of the table. Papa had fed the cake herself, and had forgotten one of the "B's" in "Bobby," so that the cake really read: "Bobby—XII."

However, it looked delicious, and inside had been baked a tiny black china doll and a new American penny, with Abraham Lincoln's head on it. The penny was for good fortune, but the doll was a joke of Papa's, Bobby being aggressively mischievous.

Bobby, having passed the outpost, carried the rest of the situation by assault. Mrs. Thorpe saw Ferdinand William Otto, and went over, somewhat puzzled, with her hand out. "I am very glad Bobby brought you," she said. "He has so few little friends."

Then she stopped, for the prince had brought his heels together sharply, and bending over her hand, had kissed it exactly as he kissed his Aunt Annunciate's when he went to have tea with her. Mrs. Thorpe was fairly startled, not at the kiss, but at the grace with which the tribute was rendered.

Then she looked down, and it restored her composure to find that Ferdinand William Otto, too, had turned eyes toward the cake. He was, after all, only a hungry small boy. With quick tenderness she stooped and kissed him gravely on the forehead.

Cresses were strange to Ferdinand William Otto. His warm little hand leaped and pounced. At that moment, he would have died for her!

Mr. Thorpe came home a little late. He kissed Bobby twelve times, and on to grow on. He shook hands absently with the visitor, and gave the Fräulein the evening paper—an extravagance on which he insisted, although one could read the news for nothing by going to the cafe on the corner. Then he drew his wife aside.

"Look here!" he said. "Don't tell Bobby—no use exciting him, and of course it's not our funeral, anyhow—but there's a report that the crown prince has been kidnapped. And that's not all. The old king is dying!"

"How terrible!"

"Worse than that. The old king goes and no crown prince! It may mean almost any sort of trouble! I've closed up at the park for the night. His arm around his wife, he looked through the doorway to where Bobby and Ferdinand were counting their candles. "It's made me think pretty hard," he said. "Bobby mustn't go around alone the way he's been doing. All Americans here are considered millionaires. If the crown prince could go, think how easy—"

His arm tightened around his wife and together they went into the little feast. Ferdinand William Otto was hungry. He ate eagerly—chicken, fruit compote, potato salad—eggs, shades of the court physicians, who fed him at night a balanced ration of milk, eggs, and zwieback! Bobby ate hastily, and conversation languished.

Then the moment came when the first cravings appeared, they sat back in their chairs while Papa cleared the table and brought in a knife to cut the cake. Mr. Thorpe had excused himself for a moment. Now he came back with a bottle wrapped in a newspaper, and sat down again.

"I thought," he said, "as this is a real occasion, not exactly Bobby's coming of age, but marking his entry at years of discretion, the period when he ceases to be a small boy and becomes a big one, we might drink a toast to it."

"Robert!" objected the big boy's mother.

"A teaspoonful each, honey," he begged. "It changes it from a mere supper to a festivity."

He poured a few drops of wine into the children's glasses, and filled them up with water. Then he filled up others, and sat sipping, this big young man, who had brought his loved ones across the sea, and was trying to make them happy up a flight of stone steps above a countess's bureau smelted of garlic.

The Mercury.

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There were to be twelve thousand airplanes in Europe before this time. Thus far it seems we have shipped one.

The United States government is going to loan the New Haven road some forty-four millions of dollars, with which to pay off the notes coming due at an early date.

The Daily News, like most of the people of that city, seem to think that Boston is the whole of Massachusetts, for it announces editorially that the "Boston house of representatives" has adopted the Federal prohibition constitutional amendment.

Col. J. E. Munroe, commandant of Watervliet Arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y., says America has guns capable of hurling a 16-inch shell 59 miles if a carriage could be invented which would allow an elevation of 45 degrees and still withstand the recoil shock.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts has lost none of his power of denunciation. On Tuesday in the senate the Massachusetts senator in very plain and vigorous language showed up many of the failures of the Administration and criticized most severely the incompetence of many of those at the head of affairs.

Please remember that at 2 a. m. tomorrow, Sunday, morning, the time changes one hour. The clocks must then be put ahead one hour. Most of the Sunday services will be held by the clock. That is, at the same hour by the clock as formerly, but one hour ahead by the sun.

In Milwaukee eighteen per cent. of the population were born in Germany. There are 61,816 Germans in that city. The entire population of Wisconsin is over ten per cent. German born. No other city or state has so many Germans in it.

From the beginning of 1914 to August 1, 1917, there was a total advance of 82 per cent. in the retail prices of bread, according to the Department of Labor. In the last few months there has been a decrease, and prices are now 66 per cent. higher than at the beginning of 1914.

More than 1600 tons of anthracite coal was condemned in Pennsylvania markets by representatives of the Fuel Administration recently in the campaign to compel the delivery of clean coal. That Fuel Administrator would have found plenty of work in Newport during the past few weeks.

The Secretary of the Navy asks for \$100,000 with which to purchase Gould Island for an enlargement to the Naval plant here. The Secretary had a much more liberal mind when he made that recommendation than he has when he considers the Coddington Point land.

France and England are both sending over the plea to hurry Yankee troops to the front. No wonder. We declared war nearly a year ago and as yet we have had hardly got a respectable handful of men over there. But the few we have there are rendering a good account of themselves, as U. S. soldiers always do.

The Hog Island shipyard, concerning which there has been so much scandal, is to cost the Government between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000. So testifies James R. Freeman of Providence. The Government seems to have money to throw away everywhere except in buying land to enlarge the Naval Training Station at Newport.

The losses to the Germans in the eight days' drive will amount to more than four hundred thousand men. At that rate it would seem that Germany would soon be swept bare of young men. There must be a terrible day of reckoning some time. When the people of that nation wake up to the fact that this terrible sacrifice of life and treasure is all for the gratification of the personal ambition of one man, Germany will not be a pleasant place for the Kaiser.

The third Liberty Loan will be for \$3,000,000,000 at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. Over-subscriptions will be accepted. The outstanding 3 1/2 per cent. and 4 per cent. Liberty bonds may be converted into the new issue, but the third loan will not be convertible into any further issue. The new bonds will carry a sinking fund of 5 per cent. a year during the war and for one year thereafter. The maturity will probably be between 20 and 30 years. The reduction of government expenditures and allied loans below former estimates is responsible for the fact that the loan is smaller than anticipated.

Ordnance Base Costing \$25,000,000 for Forces in France

An ordnance base that will cost approximately \$25,000,000 is under construction in France. It will include a gun repair plant equipped to repair more than 800 guns a month; a large capacity carriage repair plant; a motor vehicle repair plant capable of overhauling more than 1,200 vehicles a month; a small arms repair plant to handle 50,000 rifles and machine guns a month; a large shop for the repair of horse and infantry equipment; a reloading plant capable of reloading about 100,000 artillery cartridges a day.

The ordnance base will include 20 large storehouses, 12 shop buildings, 100 smaller shops and magazines, and machine and tool equipment costing \$5,000,000. Approximately 450 officers and 16,000 men will be required for maintenance.

The National Constitutional amendment making prohibition universal throughout the United States was adopted on Tuesday by the Massachusetts house of representatives, and it is generally believed that the senate will concur in its passage and that the governor will sign the bill. This will make 11 states that have voted in favor of prohibition, namely, Mississippi, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Texas, Delaware and South Dakota, and Massachusetts if the senate concurs. It will be noticed that so far most of the states adopting the measure are southern. Prohibition first got its foothold in the South to prevent the negro from getting intoxicated. It has been many times proclaimed that the law would not prevent white folks getting all the drinks they wanted, and from personal observation in several of the southern cities, we know this to be true.

To carry the amendment will require the affirmative vote of 25 more states, counting Massachusetts on the side of prohibition.

It took her longer to get to Washington to learn more about the world's food needs than it takes the food you save to get to Europe. Yet, Mrs. Allen Shattuck went all the way from Juneau, Alaska, to take part in the conference of Home Economics Directors of various States, held recently at the Food Administration in Washington. This incident can be looked upon as an answer to the people who say "The war is three thousand miles away; how can we expect to be really interested in it?" For Alaska the war is three thousand miles plus a three weeks' journey, yet the only comment from the Federal Food Administrator at Juneau, when he was asked for a delegate, was, "Be sure you let us know the date in time," and then he sent Mrs. Shattuck before the telegram arrived, just to make sure.

Ex-President Roosevelt sounded the keynote in the campaign of 1920 on Thursday at Portland, Maine. The Pine Tree state opened its campaign for 1918 by a state convention on that day. Maine is the first state to hold an election this fall. Her election comes in September. Ex-President Roosevelt's address had much of the old time fire in it and was a good send-off for the great campaigns that are to follow. It would not be at all strange if the Colonel was solicited to lead the Republican forces two years hence.

The United States had half a dozen concerns manufacturing aniline dyes before the war and now it has 200, with \$200,000,000 invested capital. Thirteen German concerns got coal from America before the war and controlled the world dye trade. This all could have been stopped in the beginning with proper protection for home industry. Perhaps our law makers may have learned something by this time.

Maj. Gen. Wood told the Senate committee that the United States should rush 2,500,000 men to France as soon as possible. He says the British will hold the Germans and eventually drive them back, and believes Germany ultimately will be defeated.

The public service reserve, the registration agency of the United States employment service, already has obtained names and qualifications of more than 1,000,000 workers of all classes who are willing to go where their services are needed to win the war.

At the investigation of the Rhode Island Co. being conducted by the General Assembly Committee at Providence, it was brought out that the Rhode Island Co. owes the New Haven Railroad \$3,500,000 and that the interest rate formerly 1 1/2 per cent., was raised not long ago to 6 1/2 per cent. Interest is now being paid by notes instead of cash.

Please remember and before you go to bed tonight put your watches and clocks along an hour so as to get up by the new time on Easter morning. You will be surprised at the nice long day you will have.

New York's new state barge canal, which is the old Erie canal enlarged, will be opened for navigation May 15. The canal cost \$150,000,000.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Peckham, of Tiverton, have been guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. N. Horace Peckham.

Mr. Abraham Rathbone, of Middle Road, is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holman are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Amy Marguerite. They are at the home of Mrs. Holman's mother, Mrs. Gardner, of Fall River.

Miss Kate L. Durfee has returned home from a visit of several weeks to friends in Providence, Pawtucket and Hallowville.

Mrs. Bateman, of Tiverton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray.

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Downing have moved from the Christian Church parsonage, to the lower tenement of Mrs. William B. Clarke's house, at the foot of Quaker Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Almy and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Almy of Tiverton have moved into the two tenement house belonging to Mr. Antoine Gaudin, known as the Chase place.

Mr. Manuel Gaultier, of Camp Devens, was here to spend the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gaultier.

Mr. Harold Sherman, U.S.N.R.F., who has just returned from a trip to France, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Sherman, of Glen street. This is Mr. Sherman's third trip across the Atlantic.

Miss Alice Ayler, of Providence, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Ayler.

At the Methodist Church on Sunday there were appropriate services to dedicate the raising of a service flag with one star. The man represented is Mr. Ernest Crass, of Camp Devens.

Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., gave a thimble party at the home of Mrs. Fannie T. Anthony. Light refreshments were served.

Miss Carolyn D. Anthony is spending several days with Mrs. George T. Almy of Fall River.

Lawrence Thurston, son of Mr. Edward Thurston, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is somewhat better.

Mr. Antonio Gaultier is having electric lights installed in his tenement house.

There is a report that one of the heirs of the Barstow Estate on the east shore, will come here to spend the summer. The report names General Parker, who has recently returned from France. Extensive improvements are being made to the place. This estate has been unoccupied for many years and the buildings were in need of repair. The house was large and well furnished, but thieves have stolen much of value, and mutilated parts of it.

A party of friends and relatives of Mrs. Elliott Sowle gathered at her home on Monday evening and gave her a genuine surprise in honor of her birthday. The evening was spent sociably and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fournier, of Watertown, Mass., have been guests of Mr. Fournier's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop.

Mr. William Butler and his sister, Mrs. Mary Blythe, have moved into Mrs. George A. Faulkner's cottage at the foot of Quaker Hill.

Mrs. John G. Barker is quite ill at the home of Mrs. Thomas Holman.

Mrs. H. Manton Chase is quite ill and Mrs. William G. Barker is with her.

Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, who died at the Soldiers' Home in Bristol, was a native of this town. He is survived by a sister, Mrs. William G. Barker, and a niece, Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop.

Mr. Percy G. Randall, who has been seriously ill, is considerably improved. Mrs. S. A. Carter has been helping to care for him.

Mr. William Barclay, who has been in the employ of the Pierce-Arrow Automobile Co., in Buffalo, N. Y., for some time, is at home, and will soon begin training for the National Army.

Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, who have been living in Mrs. F. P. Conway's cottage near St. Paul's Church, have moved to Newport.

Announcement has been made that there will be rural mail delivery in the vicinity of Island Park beginning April first.

Mrs. Mary D. Wilbur, widow of George Van Wilbur, who died in Newport Wednesday, was a former resident here. She is survived by a son, Augustus L. Wilbur, of this town, and Edwin Wilbur, of New York.

The public schools closed Thursday for the Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott are visiting in New York.

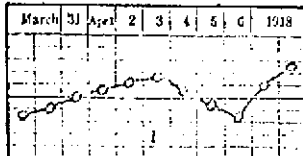
Frightful Conditions

Miss Blanche Slocum, an American woman, held a virtual prisoner in Germany since the outbreak of the war, arriving at Chicago, says: "The German people are literally starving and are very mutinous. Small riots and seditious talk have reached such proportions that the government has posted placards about Berlin, offering a reward of \$750 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person participating in the food riots and uttering seditious remarks. We had German soldiers tell me they wished Germany would lose the war so they could get out of the terrible situation. If the people were not victims of frightfulness and half-starved there would be an immediate revolution."

The Government's financial plans provide for no further bond issues until the fourth Liberty Loan next October or November. The latter probably will be the largest yet and to prepare for it the treasury next summer probably will issue certificates of indebtedness in considerable amounts. The House ways and means committee has tentatively approved raising the authorized limit of outstanding certificates from \$1,000,000,000 to \$8,000,000,000. Congress will soon be asked to approve the extension of further credits to the Allies in the sum of \$1,000,000,000.

British army officers arriving at an Atlantic port say that now upon now of trenches extend 15 miles behind the British line. These have been dug since November in preparation for the German drive.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Washington, March 30.—Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 7 to 11, warm wave 6 to 10, cool wave 9 to 13. Unusually high temperatures will accompany a cold wave will follow this storm. It will increase in force as it progresses eastward; will cause general rains; middle northwest will get least rain, southern and eastern sections most. Good crop weather will prevail and prospects of 1918 crops will look good.

Next warm wave will reach Vancouver about April 11 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. It will cross crest of Rockies by close of April 12, plains sections 13, meridian 20, great lakes and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 14, eastern sections 15, reaching New Foundland about April 16.

Temperatures of this will not go so high as in the previous storm and the cold wave will go much lower, carrying frosts farther south than usual. This storm will be unusually severe and will increase in force as it progresses eastward. Rains will be quite general but heavier in southern and eastern sections than toward the middle northwest. Not much rain on Pacific slope.

Thru the past winter these bulletins advised farmers and others not to hold grain at the very high prices. During the week ending March 16 they realized that our advice was good. We have also held steadily to the belief that the world war will end before the 1918 crops mature. If we are correct in that belief grain and cotton must go away down, unless bad crop weather holds prices up. Farmers can benefit themselves most thru their organizations by putting shuckles on the millionaire speculators, and remaining on good terms with local grain and cotton dealers. It is a very bad mistake for local dealers and producers not to put together. Their worst enemies are the millionaire speculators, who should be put out of business.

During April, the big red star, Mars, rising early in the evening, and the bright morning star, in the East, Venus, will be the most conspicuous scenic views of the starry heavens. Mars is the war god and Venus the goddess of love. She has also been called Hesperus and Lucifer. Mars and Venus are supposed to be opposite in their effects on animal life and on the earth.

The coal receipts on Thursday included two barges and two carload of hard coal.

Weekly Almanac APRIL, 1918.

STANDARD TIME.											
	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.
1st	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
2nd	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
3rd	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3
4th	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
5th	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
6th	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6

Deaths.

In this city, 24th inst., Agnes McCrindle, wife of John Yule, in her 51st year.

In this city, 25th inst., Mary Julia, widow of Samuel M. Bailey and daughter of the late George T. and Mary S. Bailey, in her 55th year.

In this city, 25th inst., William E. son of Joseph W. and Almira H. Barlow, in his 24th year.

In this city, 26th inst., Mary B. wife of W. Frank Wyatt.

In this city, 27th inst., Mary D. widow of George Van Wilbur.

In this city, 28th inst., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Homer Sheffield, H. Louise, wife of William Littlefield.

In this city, 28th inst., at the home of the late Oscar Redbeck, son of Ed. and Bertha Redbeck, and nephew of Edward Redbeck.

In New Shoreham, 28th inst., Nellie May, wife of Jesse Lewis, in her 56th year.

At South Hope, R.I., Bristol, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1918.

In Providence, 28th inst., Joseph Brown Bowditch, in his 56th year.



WINTER SHOES

Medium and Heavy Weight Shoes in appropriate styles for men, women and children.

RUBBER Footwear

of every kind in all sizes

MEN'S HEAVY WORK SHOES

Black or Tan Grain

SPECIAL---\$4.00 a pair

HEADQUARTERS for MILITARY FOOTWEAR

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 767

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

102 Federal Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1911.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeeland

The call to the Harvard war camp which will be opened next July has been distributed to hundreds of college students all over the country by the Harvard military authorities. A booklet describing the camp and its facilities has been prepared, and the applications of students from other colleges than Harvard are now being filed. College students from any recognized institution, recent college graduates and sub-freshmen are eligible to attend the camp.

Chief Gunner McEwen, at the main gate of the navy yard, Charlestown, Mass., has sent out an appeal for mechanics for the aviation section unit to go to Ireland. The men needed are 4 boiler-makers, 4 masons and bricklayers, 16 carpenters, 10 riggers or structural ironworkers. The age limit is 18 to 55 years. A bond is being organized for the training station on Bunkin Island. Four clarinet players are wanted, one baritone, one alto and one cornet player. There is also a demand for good cooks, mess attendants and seamers in the navy.

During 1917 New England increased in automobile ownership 33 per cent. Massachusetts leads New England with 171,274, and ranks 11th in the nation. Connecticut holds 4th place in increased automobile registration in New England. She has kept pace with the national increase. New Hampshire had 12,568 motor cars in 1916 and 22,267 in 1917, an increase of 77 per cent. The total automobile registration in the United States in 1917 was 5,148,063, an advance of 16 percent over 1916. It is estimated that New England will buy this year about 2,000,000 automobile and truck tires.

Ruth E. Baker, 13 years old, of Littlefield, has been declared the winner in the poultry department for 1917 in the University of Maine contest among the boys' and girls' clubs of the state. Miss Baker set 26 eggs and raised 27 chickens, one of the hens laying an egg after it had begun to sit, and from these 27 chickens she successfully raised 25 to maturity. They were of the White Leghorn variety.

A committee on food production and conservation of the Maine committee on public safety, consisting of Dr. Charles D. Woods, of Orono, William J. Thompson of South China, master of the State grange, and A. M. O. Soule of Augusta, have started a campaign to make April 19, Patriot's day, a meeting day for the discussion of food production throughout the state. The committee plans to have a meeting in every hamlet and every schoolhouse district to arouse an interest in the matter of food production.

Both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature passed through its various stages a bill intended to forestall the threatened withdrawal of New Hampshire money from Massachusetts banks, particularly in the Merrimack River Valley cities and towns. The bill was unanimously reported by the Legislative Committee on Banks and Banking. The measure, which is a duplicate of the New Hampshire law, exempts from taxation the deposits of Massachusetts citizens in banks in such States outside Massachusetts as have a similar provision of law.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Lay of West Newbury, Mass., plan to celebrate the seventieth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday, April 20. They are both more than ninety years old, and are in good health and quite active. Mr. Lay, who for several years was one of the selectmen of West Newbury, is a veteran, having fought through the Civil War. He is a member of the G. A. R. post in his town, and a member also of Ben. Perley Poore Rifle Association.

G. Waldon Smith of Portland, Me., has been nominated for State insurance commissioner of Maine by Governor Milliken. Mr. Smith, who is State manager of a life insurance company, will succeed Erastus J. Carter of Stonington, whose term expired in January.

The rendering plant of Whitman & Pratt in West Concord, Mass., was burned with a loss of \$175,000. Trains on the Fitchburg division of the Boston & Maine railroad were held up for hours by burned ties and poles and fallen telegraph wires.

The latest report on the War Risk Insurance for men and officers in the torts and camps under the Northeastern Department shows that insurance totalling \$132,000,000 has been taken. Depot Company F, of the Signal Corps at Burlington, Vt., in the first drive scored 100 per cent., all men and officers subscribing for the full amount. This company was transferred, and the present occupants of the camp, under Captain Murray B. Dilley, numbering 165, repeated this record.

TO NEW YORK FALL RIVER LINE

Lv. Long Wharf daily 9:30 P. M.

Fare \$3.00

THE NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP CO.

Harry Weymouth of Millis, convicted of killing Oscar Mayo while hunting deer June 27, 1917, was sentenced to 11 months in jail by Justice Dunn in the supreme court at Bangor, Me.

Food Administrator Henry H. Knott has issued a warning to the housewives of Massachusetts that hoarding of food-stuffs makes them liable to a \$500 fine or two years' imprisonment, and that after April 10 ignorance of the law will not save hoarders from prosecution.

Quotations on fish prices at the Boston Fish Pier, issued daily to the newspapers, bear no relation to the prices which the fishermen receive from members of the New England Fish Exchange, through whom more than 99 per cent. of the fish arriving at Boston is sold. The statement was made by William H. Boardley, general manager of the exchange, while giving further testimony before the examiner, William B. Matheson, in the trial of the suit in equity of the United States against fish dealers and allied interests, who are accused of maintaining a monopoly in retailing of trade. The witness declared that the quotations are made up by himself and are what he considers to be a fair price for fish at the pier on each particular day. He stated that his fish quotations always include the various assessments levied on the transfer of the fish from the hold of the vessel to the dealers on the pier.

The battery of French 75's which have been used by the Yale artillery corps all year has been recalled by the Government for instruction purposes. British guns will be turned over to the university as a substitute.

A two hundred and 12 boys and girls in Worcester high schools have planned to engage in agricultural work during the vacation period and help with the war. The students have enlisted in the Massachusetts division of the United States boys' working reserve.

Mrs. Charles (Murren) Roy, widow of Simeon Roy, is dead at her home in Fitchburg, Mass. She leaves six children, six grandchildren, eleven children, fifty-two grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

All men formerly employed by liquor dealers in Newport, R. I., who are at present out of work, have been requested to apply to the naval station, where they will be given work at good wages.

Fred Harris Claffin, former circulation manager of the Boston Journal under the regime of Stephen O'Meara died at the Deaconess Hospital, Brookline. Mr. Claffin had been employed as a proofreader by the Boston Post up to the time of his last illness. From the time that he started a small newspaper at Worcester Academy when still a youth, until the time of his death, Mr. Claffin was engaged in newspaper work. His first newspaper venture was an amateur daily called the Press. He assisted in organizing the Worcester Telegram, where he remained for two years. He was with the Boston Journal for four years as its circulation and subscription manager.

Rev. Clarence H. Waldron of Windsor, Vt., convicted in the Federal Court at Burlington of disloyalty to the United States, has been sentenced by Judge Harland E. Howe to serve 15 years in the Government penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga. His counsel will later make a motion of a stay of execution. Waldron broke down utterly when sentence was pronounced and cried like a child. Harold Mackley, employee of a creamery at Holland, Vermont, was also found guilty of disloyal utterances by a jury and was immediately sentenced to 15 years in the Georgia penitentiary. His trial lasted only a day and a half and the jury was out only 25 minutes. Judge Howe, in imposing sentence upon Mr. Waldron said: "The defendant, however honest he may be in his religion or patriotism, has actively engaged in opposing the Nation in this great conflict. A minister of the gospel has much influence and his high calling aggravates rather than mitigates his offense. He may have been sincere in his beliefs, but that makes him all the more effective and dangerous."

Notices were posted at the plants of the Sanford Mills Corporation and the Co. Ball Worsted Company, Sanford, Me., announcing a 10 per cent. wage increase to the 4000 operatives. This is a total increase of 80 per cent. within a year.

For refusing to obey orders and using insulting language to an officer, John J. Casey, a private of Battery A, 26th Field Artillery Camp Devens, was sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years in Fort Jay, N. Y. Casey was formerly a motorman and teamster in Lynn.

Interesting Life Statistics.

On the authority of experts representing forty-three leading life insurance companies in the United States, it appears that a spinster lives longer than a married woman. Business women live longer than business men. A woman who takes an employment policy lives longer than a woman who takes an ordinary life policy. It is easy to explain why an unmarried woman survives a married one, for why business women survive a business man but the longevity of the spinster is due to the fact that she is not burdened by the responsibilities of a family. Will power is hardly less important in many cases than physical and most women are noted for their will power. Even in the case of women who are married, the only way to live longer is to have a strong will. The only way to live longer is to have a strong will. The only way to live longer is to have a strong will.

GERMAN GAINS AT A FRIGHTFUL COST

British Positions on Somme Between Bapaume and Peronne Virtually Outflanked.

ENGLAND IS RUSHING AID.

Enemy Hurling Mass on Mass, With Utter Disregard of the Human Sacrifice—Attacking in Immense Strength, Crosses Somme.

London. Battling for every point of vantage, giving ground only when overwhelmed by numbers and exacting a fearful toll of lives for every foot of ground abandoned, the British line in France is still intact. While the German onslaughts gained ground at a number of points, there was no sign of disintegration in the British forces, which at many points, especially on the northern end of the long line of battle, are holding firm.

The largest gains made by the Germans have been southwest of St. Quentin, where they have captured Bapaume, Noyon and Oisard. These points, which are at the tip of the Toul sector, are more than ten miles from the front as it stood on March 21.

Military observers discern in the German scheme a repetition of the "blitzkrieg" system of attack, which was used by Von Mackensen in 1914, Romania and Serbia. This attack consists of two assaults some distance apart, which, after progress to a certain depth, turn toward each other, compelling the forces caught between them to fall back or be captured.

The British have been seen in danger and have met it by first checking, then forcing the northern jaw of the pincers southward, while they have slipped back on the center and have fallen into the German trap.

While the German wedge is still moving, its progress is not unduly rapid, as it was in the first rush of the "blitzkrieg" attack. The slowing line, it is asserted, has absorbed the impact of the shock and has weathered the attack remarkably well. Berlin says that 15,000 prisoners have been taken. It admits that the Toul sector is "comparatively heavy."

The French positions joined the British to the south of St. Quentin, but there have been no reports showing that the French have fallen back from their advanced positions. On the other hand, reports would indicate that the original French lines now virtually outflank the advancing Germans along the Oise river.

In the meantime the British strategy seems to be devoted to the task of meeting the attack so that it is dispersed no longer straight at the line, but is diverted toward the Oise, where the German advance has been most rapid.

French troops have taken over sections of the front and have released British units for work farther north. Berlin states that Americans also have joined in the fighting, and London reports the presence of American engineers.

The loss of Bapaume was a blow to the British, but it was the result of a determination to fall back slowly all along the line that is being attacked. Official reports state that repeated heavy assaults on Bapaume were beaten off by the British, who also forced the Germans back across the Somme at a number of points, only to fall back when the safe retreat of the main body of the army had been assured.

The following cable came to Field Marshal Haig from President Wilson: "May I not express to you my warm admiration for the steadfastness and valor with which your troops have defended the German onset and the perfect confidence all Americans feel that you will win a secure and final victory."

The Kaiser visited Peronne. He has ordered Germany to celebrate the victory.

EDWIN N. HURLEY

Reveals Gigantic Growth of American Shipbuilding.



Chairman of the United States Shipping Board disclosed the fact that there soon will be 750 shipways in this country upon which to build steel and wooden vessels, which will be 521 more ways than Mr. Edgar Geddes started England has.

U. S. BOYS TAKE TRENCH

Captured From Germans in Sector Near Toul.

Enemy's Use of Gas Shells Heavy, Many Falling on the American Positions.

Paris.—On the Toul front there has been considerable artillery activity. American guns heavily shelled the German front line positions. Enemy batteries replied, using many gas shells. Later photographs were taken from airplanes of the damage inflicted by the Americans.

The lieutenant who, as previously recorded, took a prisoner in the listening post in the Toul sector is from Charleston, S. C. He and all the men in the patrol have been given ten days' leave in recognition of their services.

On the same sector Americans continued to shell effectively enemy first line and communication trenches, the towns of St. Chausant and Milet, and dozens north of Bapaume. Many of the American shells have fallen in the German trenches, and the first two lines in at least one place have been virtually abandoned.

One American patrol freely inspected this point in the enemy line without molestation and remained there several hours.

For the third successive day German artillery bombarded heavily with gas shells a certain town within the American lines. The bombardment was made in two periods, each a half hour in length. Many gas shells and a few high explosive shells fell on the American positions.

An enemy airplane early in the day cut off its engine at a great height over the American lines northwest of Toul and plumed down. When close to the ground it dropped a quantity of bombs. Some were of a new variety which explode in mid-air with a bluish red flash and give off a cloud of "mustard" gas. Being heavier than the air, the gas quickly descends toward some of our battery positions and a road.

An American patrol has brought in quantities of valuable papers from the bodies of five Germans killed in a shell hole by American artillery fire a few days ago. Among the papers taken from an elderly soldier was a letter from his daughter in Berlin, saying:

"We are being told now that peace will surely come in July or August. Everybody was highly elated when the news of the Russian peace was received."

JAPANESE SHIPS FOR U. S.

Vessels Are Being Chartered for American Uses.

Tokyo.—The question of a supply by Japan of shipping for American uses has virtually been settled. More details are awaiting conclusion. The government is engaged actively in chartering vessels for this purpose.

The War Board has 150,000 tons of vessels chartered. All shipbuilders are contributing to the cause, even incurring heavy losses, which the Japanese government will make up.

URGED TO PLANT MORE WHEAT.

American Farmers Appealed to by 25,000 Four-Minute Men.

Washington.—Four-minute Men to the number of 25,000 began a nationwide campaign urging that farmers sow more spring wheat than ever before, and that every American family raise its own vegetables this year.

The Four-minute Men have received a communication from A. M. Andre, Toulon, France, last commandant, appealing to Americans to send more wheat to France in 1918.

Captain Edward L. White, in charge of the Springfield (Mass.) Ordnance Department, announced that some 500,000 rounds of ammunition would be produced in the Springfield plant in 1918. The plant is the largest of its kind in the world, and is the only one of its kind in the United States. The plant is the only one of its kind in the United States. The plant is the only one of its kind in the United States.

AMERICANS IN THICK OF BATTLE

Fight Shoulder to Shoulder With the French and British Forces Around Reims.

GERMANS STILL PRESS ON.

Berlin Announces Guns Captured Now Number 903 and 100 Tanks—Gen. Haig's Troops Counter Attack and Check Drive.

London.—British, French and American troops are fighting a terrific battle on a front of about 30 miles between the Somme and the Oise rivers, the southern half of the German offensive front.

On the northern half of the battle front in Flanders, between the Somme and Arras, the British are holding firmly in a line through Bray, Albert, Beaumont-Hamel and Wancourt.

Chantreaux, Hoge, Noyon and many villages between the Somme and the Oise have been evacuated, and the Germans have occupied them. But the French are holding the line of the Oise and preventing the enemy breakthrough to the south.

The front shifted from five to seven miles westward in 24 hours. The gain is least in the north and greatest in the south, where the allies have fallen back about 25 miles in six days.

Berlin announced that guns captured totaled 133, besides 100 tanks. No claims of additional prisoners have been received. German tanks are being freely used.

Observers at the front state that the enemy losses Monday were the heaviest of any day so far. Two hundred and fifty thousand is one estimate of the German total losses.

American troops are fighting in the vicinity of Reims, London announces. The Germans took this town, and a fearful conflict proceeded just to the west of it.

The enemy has reconquered most of the ground given up in the retreat to the Hindenburg line, last spring. At certain places he has crossed the line held before the beginning of the Somme battle of 1916. The line of the Aisne has been passed.

French troops have been thrown into the fighting as far north as Bray, on the Somme, which is a little north of the center of the battle line.

The Associated Press correspondent at British headquarters gravely predicts that a change of fortune of battle is not far off. On the other hand, Berlin announced that a new phase of the battle had set in and the allies were retreating on a wide front.

So far the allies have fallen back with their line intact. The enemy everywhere has failed to break through or to cut off large bodies of troops.

EXPLOSIONS WRECK WAR PLANT

Warehouses Covering Block of Two Acres a Total Loss.

Jersey City, N. J.—Fire and a series of explosions destroyed the plant of the Jersey Warehouses, Inc., a Jersey City depository for army supplies. The lives of more than 1,500 workers were endangered and damage of \$2,000,000 caused. German agents are blamed by officials of the Naval and Military Intelligence Bureaus.

In addition to demolishing the Jersey warehouses and yards, which cover two city blocks at Twelfth, Thirtieth and Provost streets, Jersey City, the fire destroyed the Erie railroad repair shops, adjoining the storage plant, spread to the yards of the Erie and Lackawanna railroads and destroyed 24 freight cars laden with supplies for the allies and 15 locomotives.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

WASHINGTON.—Shippers were warned by the food administration that a serious shortage of refrigerator cars can be avoided only by loading cars to capacity. Shippers of eggs especially were warned.

PHILADELPHIA.—Louis Werner and Dr. Martin Darrow, editors of the Philadelphia Tagblatt, were freed after the trial on the charge of treason.

NEW YORK.—A sudden demand for Liberty bonds on the Stock Exchange, attributed to confidence among financiers in the outcome of the battle in France, results in sales of \$25,000,000 of the older issues at advanced prices.

ST. LOUIS.—James H. Dahm, former president of Typographical Union No. 6 of New York, told the Central Trades and Labor Union here that prior to the entrance of the United States in the world war he was offered \$200,000 by pro-German interests to disrupt war work in America and that a friend of his had been offered a million dollars.

LONDON.—The explosion aboard the American destroyer Mantley after she had rammed a British warship cost the lives of 31 Americans, including Lieut. Commander Richard M. Fisher.

The annual report of the municipal officers of Danvers, Me., shows \$260 in the treasury and no outstanding bills or debts, and a population of 11,115 for the year of 1917.

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GENERAL FOCH

French Strategist Who Commands the Allies' Reserves.



He will lead the counter attack when the time arrives for the stroke to check the German advance.

NEW LOAN 3 BILLIONS

Liberty Bonds to Bear Interest at 4 1/4 Per Cent.

Larger Sum Not Needed Now, as War Expenditures Are Falling Below Estimates.

Washington.—The third Liberty loan will total \$3,000,000,000 and pay 4 1/4 per cent. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo made this announcement after a conference with Chairman Claude Kitchin of the House Ways and Means Committee. The bonds are to be sold beginning April 6.

Secretary McAdoo's decision came as a distinct surprise, the amount and the interest rate both falling below the expectations. It had been expected the loan would total \$5,000,000,000 at least, but Mr. McAdoo pointed out war expenditures are falling below estimates and the money market is in such condition that it will not be necessary to pay 4 1/2 per cent, as had been expected.

The loan, Secretary McAdoo declared, cannot fail to succeed. He said: "I am sure the people will respond to the third Liberty loan with the same loyalty and enthusiasm that characterized their support of the first two loans. The great events now happening in France must fire the soul of every American with a new determination to furnish all the dollars and all the material resources of America that are needed to put an end to the execrable atrocities of German militarism."

"Defeat faces the Kaiser. Let us hasten it by asserting America's right with increased vigor in concert with our gallant comrades."

Secretary McAdoo must have the authority of Congress to increase the interest rate from 4 to 4 1/4 per cent. He will ask this authority in the form of a bill to be introduced in the house by Chairman Kitchin. At the same time he is asking permission on this score he will seek authorization for future bond issues up to \$4,500,000,000.

It will be necessary to rush the bill if it becomes law before April 8, the date set for opening the third Liberty loan campaign.

Savings Bank of Newport Quarter Day

Saturday, April 20, 1918
Deposits made on or before above date begin to draw interest from that day.

No. 1561

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on March 4, 1918.

ASSETS			
Loans and Discounts		\$114,174.55	
Total Loans		\$114,174.55	
Overdrafts, secured, 34, 97.21		34,972.21	
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)		2,222.25	
Liberty Loan Bonds, unpledged		100,000.00	
Liberty Loan Bonds, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable		5,000.00	
Bonds, U. S. notes, etc., other than U. S. Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent. of authorized amount)		51,000.00	
Value of banking house		21,075.00	
Real estate owned other than banking house		1,000.00	
Cash reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		5,000.00	
Cash in vault and not amounts due from national banks		107,151.50	
Exchanges for currency, etc.		4,122.54	
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than from U. S. Treasury)		10,550.70	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasury		5,000.00	
Total		\$1,021,731.51	
LIABILITIES			
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00	
Surplus fund		50,000.00	
Undivided Profits		25,501.25	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes, paid		5,191.12	
Reserve for contingencies		5,000.00	
Net amount due to National Banks		11,054.40	
Net amount due to Depositors and Holders (other than above)		50,000.00	
Total amount of Deposits and Holdings		50,000.00	
Individual deposits subject to check		50,000.00	
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days		50,000.00	
Certificates of deposit due in more than 90 days		50,000.00	
Total of deposits subject to check		50,000.00	
U. S. Bonds held for which cash deposit was made		50,000.00	
Bills payable, other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other than rediscounts		50,000.00	
Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank		50,000.00	
Total		\$1,021,731.51	

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.
County of Newport, ss:
I, Geo. H. Froud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
GEO. H. FROUD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of March, 1918.
PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.
Correct Attest:
EDWARD A. BROWN,
EDWARD S. PECKHAM,
FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL, } Directors.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust Company held August 13, 1917, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

R. Livingston Heckman
Edward J. Herwind
Charles A. Brackett
H. Martin Brown
Clark Burdick
Samuel P. Cull
Charles D. Easton
Henry F. Eldridge
Otis Everett
Frederick P. Garrettsen
Lawrence L. Gillespie
Ernest Howe

Peter King
William MacLeod
Frank C. Nichols
Thomas P. Peckham
T. I. Hare Powell
Andrew K. Quinn
Edward A. Sherman
James Sillman
Jeremiah K. Sullivan
Henry A. C. Taylor
Charles Tisdall

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas P. Peckham
Vice President—Clark Burdick
Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Sherman

EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

You Can SAVE COAL

by the use of any of the many

ELECTRICAL HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

for sale by the

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

Illuminating Department, Tel. 28 449 Thames St.

"Meet me at Barney's."

BARGAIN

Second-hand

GABLER PIANO

Price \$210.00

Terms or Cash

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

BARGAIN

WE STILL SELL

Garden Seeds

OF ALL KINDS,

FLOUR,

GRAIN,

ETC.

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By H. L. Marsh & Co

Newport & Providence

Street Rv Co.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1917

Cars Leave Washington

Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS 7.40, 8.50 a. m., then

each hour to 5.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS 8.50 a. m., then each

hour to 7.50 p. m.

Commonwealth Hotel

(Incorporated)

Opposite the 1st St. Station, Providence, R. I.



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

EDITED BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Fired by the news of the making of the Lusitania, by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II.—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets somewhere in France, where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "caddy."

CHAPTER III.—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German bomber circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV.—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V.—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'd get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI.—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a messenger.

CHAPTER VII.—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII.—Back in the front-line trenches, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches, "No West."

CHAPTER IX.—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Snailshell Ditch."

CHAPTER X.—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI.—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

CHAPTER XII.—Empey joins the "out-ride club" as the bombing squad is called.

CHAPTER XIII.—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

CHAPTER XIV.—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

CHAPTER XV.—On "standing post" in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVI.—Two artillerymen "put one over" on Old Pepper, their regimental commander.

CHAPTER XVII.—Empey has narrow escape while on patrol duty in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Staged Under Fire.

Three days after the incident just related our company was relieved from the front line and carried. We stayed in reserve billets for about two weeks when we received the welcome news that our division would go back of the line "to rest billets." We would remain in these billets for at least two months, this in order to be restored to our full strength by drafts of recruits from Blighty.

Everyone was happy and contented at these tidings; all you could hear around the billets was whistling and singing. The day after the receipt of the order we liked for five days, making an average of about twelve kilos per day until we arrived at the small town of O—.

It took us about three days to get settled, and from then on our cushy time started. We would parade from 8:45 in the morning until 12 noon. Then except for an occasional billet or brigade guard we were on our own. For the first four or five afternoons I spent my time in bringing up to date my neglected correspondence.

Tommy loves to be amused, and being a Yankee, they turned to me for something new in this line. I taught them how to pitch horseshoes, and this game made a great hit for about ten days. Then Tommy turned to America for a new diversion. I was up in the air until a happy thought came to me. Why not write a sketch and break Tommy in as an actor?

One evening after "lights out," when you are not supposed to talk, I imparted my scheme in whispers to the section. They eagerly accepted the idea of forming a stock company and could hardly wait until the morning for further details.

After parade, the next afternoon I was almost mobbed. Everyone in the section wanted a part in the proposed sketch. When I informed them that it would take at least ten days of hard work to write the plot, they were bitterly disappointed. I immediately got busy, made a desk out of biscuit tins in the corner of the billet, and put up a sign "Empey & Wallace Theatrical Co." About twenty of the section, upon reading this sign, immediately applied for the position of office boy. I accepted the twenty applicants, and sent them on scouting parties throughout the deserted French village. These parties were to search all the attics for discarded civilian clothes, and anything that we could use in the props of our proposed company.

About five that night they returned covered with grime and dust, but loaded down with a miscellaneous assortment of everything under the sun. They must have thought that I was going to start a department store, judging from the different things they brought back from their pillage.

After eight days' constant writing I completed a two-act farce comedy which I called "The Diamond Palace Saloon." Upon the suggestion of one of the boys in the section I sent a proof of the program to a printing house in London. Then I assigned the different parts and started rehearsing. David Belasco would have thrown up his hands in despair at the material which I had to use. Just imagine trying to teach a Tommy, with a strong cockney accent, to impersonate a Bowery tough or a Southern negro.

Adjacent to our billet was an open field. We got busy at one end of it and constructed a stage. We secured the lumber for the stage by demolishing an old wooden shack in the rear of our billet.

The first scene was supposed to represent a street on the Bowery in New York, while the scene of the second

act was the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, also on the Bowery.

In the play I took the part of Abe Switch, a farmer, who had come from Pumpkinville Center, Tenn., to make his first visit to New York.

In the first scene Abe Switch meets the proprietor of the Diamond Palace saloon, a ransackable affair which to the owner was a financial loss.

The proprietor's name was Tom Twisitem, his bartender being named Fillem Up.

After meeting Abe, Tom and Fillem Up persuaded him to buy the place, promising it to the skies and telling wondrous tales of the money taken over the bar.

While they are talking, an old Jew named Ike Cohenstein comes along, and Abe engages him for cashier. After engaging Ike they meet an old Southern negro called Sambo, and upon the suggestion of Ike he is engaged as porter. Then the three of them, arm in arm, leave to take possession of this wonderful palace which Abe has just paid \$5,000 for. (Curtain.)

In the second act the curtain rises on the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, and the audience gets its first shock. The saloon looks like a pigpen, two tramps lying drunk on the floor, and the bartender in a dirty shirt with his sleeves rolled up, asleep with his head on the bar.

Enter Abe, Sambo and Ike, and the fun commences.

One of the characters in the second act was named Broadway Kate, and I had an awful job to break in one of the Tommies to act and talk like a woman.

Another character was Alkali Ike, an Arizona cowboy, who just before the close of the play comes into the saloon and wrecks it with his revolver.

We had eleven three-hour rehearsals before I thought it advisable to present the sketch to the public.

The whole brigade was crazy to witness the first performance. This performance was scheduled for Friday night and everyone was full of anticipation; when bang! orders came through that the brigade would move at two that afternoon. Cursing and blinding was the order of things upon the receipt of this order, but we moved.

That night we reached the little village of S— and again went into rest billets. We were to be there two weeks. Our company immediately got busy and scoured the village for a suitable place in which to present our production. Then we received another shock.

A rival company was already established in the village. They called themselves "The Bow Bells," and put on a sketch entitled, "Blighty—What Hopes?" They were the divisional concert party.

We hoped they all would be seen in Blighty to give us a chance.

This company charged an admission of a franc per head, and that night our company went on nusse to see their performance. It really was good.

I had a slaking sensation when I thought of running my sketch in opposition to it.

In one of their scenes they had a soubrette called Flossie. The soldier that took this part was clever and made a fine-appearing and chic girl. We immediately fell in love with her until two days after, while we were on a march, we passed Flossie with "her" sleeves rolled up and the sweat pouring from "her" face unloading shells from a motor lorry.

As our section passed her I yelled out: "Hello, Flossie; Blighty—What Hopes?" Her reply made our love die out instantly.

"Ah, go to h—!"

This brought quite a laugh from the marching column directed at me, and I instantly made up my mind that our sketch should immediately run in opposition to "Blighty—What Hopes?"

When we returned to our billet from the march, Curley Wallace, my theatrical partner, came running over to me and said he had found a swanky place in which to produce our show.

After taking off my equipment, and followed by the rest of the section, I went over to the building he had picked out. It was a ramshackle barn with a platform at one end which would make an ideal stage. The section got right on the job, and before night had that place rixed out in apple-pie order.

The next day was Sunday and after church parade we put all our time on a dress rehearsal, and it went fine.

I made four or five large signs announcing that our company would open up that evening at the King George the Fifth theater, on the corner of General street and Sandbag terrace. General admission was one-half franc. First ten rows in orchestra one franc, and boxes two francs. By this time our printed programs had returned from London, and I further announced that

on the night of the first performance a program would be given free of charge to men holding tickets costing a franc or over.

We had an orchestra of seven men and seven different instruments. This orchestra was excellent, while they were not playing.

The performance was scheduled to start at 8 p. m.

At 8:15 there was a mob in front of our entrance and it looked like a big night. We had two boxes each accommodating four people, and these we immediately sold out. Then a brilliant idea came to Ike Cohenstein. Why not use the rafters overhead, call them boxes, and charge two francs for a seat on them? The only difficulty was how were the men to reach these boxes, but to Ike this was a mere detail.

He got long ropes and tied one end around each rafter and then tied a lot of knots in the ropes. These ropes would take the place of stairways.

We figured out that the rafters would seat about forty men and sold that number of tickets accordingly.

When the ticketholders for the boxes got a glimpse of the rafters and were informed that they had to use the rope stairway, there was a howl of indignation, but we had their money and told them that if they did not like it they could write to the management later and their money would be refunded; but under these conditions they would not be allowed to witness the performance that night.

After a little grousing they accepted the situation with the promise that if the show was rotten they certainly would let us know about it during the performance.

Everything went lovely and it was a howling success, until Alkali Ike appeared on the scene with his revolver loaded with blank cartridges. He held the bar on a shelf was a long line of bottles. Alkali Ike was supposed to start on the left of this line and break six of the bottles by firing at them with his revolver. Behind these bottles a piece of painted canvas was supposed to represent the back of the bar, at each shot from Alkali's pistol a man behind the scenes would lift one of the bottles with his entrenching tool bundle and smash it, to give the impression that Alkali was a good shot.

Alkali Ike started in and aimed at the right of the line of bottles instead of the left, and the poor boob behind the scenes started breaking the bottles on the left, and then the boxholder turned loose; but outside of this little fiasco the performance was a huge success, and we decided to run it for a week.

New troops were constantly coming through, and for six performances we had the "S. B. O." sign suspended outside.

CHAPTER XIX.

On His Own.

Of course Tommy cannot always be producing plays under fire but while in rest billets he has numerous other ways of amusing himself. He is a great gambler, but never plays for large stakes. Generally, in each company, you will find a regular Canfield. This man banks nearly all the games of chance and is an undisputed authority on the rules of gambling. Whenever there is an argument among the Tommies about some uncertain point as to whether Houghton is entitled to Watkins' shapence, the matter is taken to the recognized authority and his decision is final.

The two most popular games are "Crown and Anchor" and "House."

The paraphernalia used in "Crown and Anchor" consists of a piece of canvas two feet by three feet. This is divided into six equal squares. In these squares are painted a club, diamond, heart, spade, crown, and an anchor, one device to a square. There are three dice used, each die marked the same as the canvas. The banker sets up his gambling outfit in the corner of a billet and starts bally-hoing until a crowd of Tommies gathers around; then the game starts.

The Tommies place bets on the squares, the crown or anchor being played the most. The banker then rolls his three dice and collects or pays out as the case may be. If you play the crown and one shows up on the die, you get even money. If two show up, you receive two to one, and if three, three to one. If the crown does not appear and you have bet on it, you lose, and so on. The percentage for the banker is large if every square is played, but if the crowd is partial to, say two squares, he has to trust to luck. The banker generally wins.

The game of "House" is very popular also. It takes two men to run it. This game consists of numerous squares of cardboard containing three rows of numbers, five numbers to a row. The numbers run from one to ninety. Each card has a different combination.

The French "estaminets" in the villages are open from eleven in the morning until one in the afternoon in accordance with army orders.

After dinner the Tommies congregate at these places to drink French beer at a penny a glass and play "House."

As soon as the estaminet is sufficiently crowded the proprietors of the "House" game get busy and, as they term it, "form a school." This consists of going around and selling cards at a franc each. If they have ten in the school, the backers of the game deduct two francs for their trouble and the winner gets eight francs.

Then the game starts. Each buyer places his card before him on the table, first breaking up matches into fifteen pieces.

One of the backers of the game has a small cloth bag in which are ninety cardboard squares, each with a number printed thereon, from one to ninety. He raps on the table and cries out: "Eyes down, my lucky lads."

All noise ceases and every one is attention.

The croupier places his hand in the bag and draws forth a numbered square and immediately calls out the number. The man who owns the card with that particular number on it,

covers the square with a match. The one who covers the fifteen numbers on his card first shouts "House." The other backers immediately comes over to him and verifies the card by calling out the numbers thereon to the man with the bag. As each number is called he picks it out of the ones placed from the bag and says, "Right." If the count is right he shouts, "House correct, pay the lucky gentleman, and sell him a card for the next school." The "lucky gentleman" generally buys one unless he has a miser trace in his veins.

Then another collection is made, a school formed, and they carry on with the game.

The culler-out has many nicknames for the numbers such as "Kelly's Eye" for one, "Legs Eleven" for eleven, "Clickety-click" for sixty-six, or "Top of the house" meaning ninety.

The game is honest and quite enjoyable. Sometimes you have fourteen numbers on your card covered and you are waiting for the fifteenth to be called. In an imploring voice you call out, "Come on, Watkins, damn, I'm awaiting on 'Kelly's Eye!'"

Watkins generally replies, "Well, keep out of a draft, you'll catch cold."

Another game is "Pontoon," played with cards; it is the same as our "Black Jack," or "Twenty-one."

A card game called "Bing" is also popular. Using a casino deck, the dealer deals each player three cards. It is similar to our poker, except for the fact that you only use three cards and cannot draw. The deck is never shuffled until a man shows three of a kind or a "prize" as it is called. The value of the hands are, high card, a pair, a run, a flush or three of a kind or "prize." The limit is generally a penny, so it is hard to win a fortune.

The next in popularity is a card game called "Nap." It is well named. Every time I played it I went to sleep.

Whist and solo whist are played by the highbrows of the company.

When the gamblers fire of all other games they try "Banker and Broker."

I spent a week trying to teach some of the Tommies how to play poker, but because I won thirty-five francs they declared that they didn't "fawney" the game.

Tommy plays few card games; the general run never heard of poker, euchre, seven up, or pinochle. They have a game similar to pinochle called "Royal Bezique," but few know how to play it.

Generally there are two decks of cards in a section, and in a short time they are so dog-eared and greasy, you can hardly tell the ace of spades from the ace of hearts. The owners of these decks sometimes condescend to lend them after much coaxing.

So you see, Mr. Atkins has his fun mixed in with his hardships and, contrary to popular belief, the rank and file of the British army in the trenches is one big happy family. Now in Virginia, at school, I was fed on old McGuffey's primary reader, which gave me an opinion of an Englishman about equal to a 76 Minute Man's backed up by a Sinn Feiner's. But I found Tommy to be the best of mates and a gentleman through and through. He never thinks of knocking his officers. If one makes a costly mistake and Tommy pays with his blood, there is no general condemnation of the officer. He is just pitted. It is exactly the same as it was with the Light Brigade at Balaclava, to say nothing of Gallipoli, Neuve Chapelle and Loos. Personally I remember a little incident where twenty of us were sent on a trench raid, only two of us returning, but I will tell this story later on.

I said it was a big happy family, and so it is, but as in all happy families, there are servants, so in the British army there are also servants, officers' servants, or "O. S." as they are termed. In the American army the common name for them is "dog robbers." From a controversy in the English papers, Winston Churchill made the statement, as far as I can remember, that the officers' servants in the British forces totaled nearly two hundred thousand. He claimed that this removed two hundred thousand exceptionally good and well-trained fighters from the actual firing line, claiming that the officers, when selecting a man for servant's duty, generally picked the man who had been out the longest and knew the ropes.

But from my observation I find that a large percentage of the servants do go over the top, but behind the lines they very seldom engage in digging parties, fatigues, parades or drills. This work is as necessary as actually engaging in an attack, therefore I think it would be safe to say that the all-around work of the two hundred thousand is about equal to fifty thousand men who are on straight military duties. In numerous instances, officers' servants hold the rank of lance-corporals and they assume the same duties and authority of a butler, the one stripe giving him precedence over the other servants.

There are lots of amusing stories told of "O. S."

One day one of our majors went into the servants' billet and commenced "blinding" at them, saying that his horse had no straw and that he personally knew that straw had been issued for this purpose. He called the lance-corporal to account. The corporal answered, "Blime me, sir, the straw was issued, but there wasn't enough left over from the servants' beds; in fact, we had to use some of the 'ay' to 'tip out, sir.'"

It is needless to say that the servants dispensed with their soft beds that particular night.

Nevertheless it is not the fault of the individual officer, it is just the survival of a quaint old English custom. You know an Englishman cannot be changed in a day.

But the average English officer is a good sport. He will sit on a fire step and listen respectfully to Private Jones' theory of the way the war

should be conducted. This war is gradually crumpling the once insurmountable wall of caste.

You would be convinced of this if you could see King George go among his men on an inspecting tour under fire, or pause before a little wooden cross in some shell-tossed field with tears in his eyes as he reads the inscription. And a little later perhaps bend over a wounded man on a stretcher, putting him on the head.

More than once in a hospital I have seen a titled Red Cross nurse fetching and carrying for a wounded soldier, perhaps the one who in civil life delivered the coal at her back door. Today she does not shrink from lighting his fog or even washing his grimy body.

Tommy admires Albert of Belgium because he is not a pusher of men; he leads them. With him it's not a case of "take that trench." It is "come on and we will take it."

It is amusing to notice the different characteristics of the Irish, Scotch and English soldiers. The Irish and Scotch are very impetuous, especially when it comes to bayonet fighting, while the Englishman, though a trifle slower, thoroughly does his bit; he is more methodical and has the grip of a bulldog on a captured position. He is slower to think; that is the reason why he never knows when he is locked.

Twenty minutes before going over the top the English Tommy will sit on the fire step and thoroughly examine the mechanism of his rifle to see that it is in working order and will fire properly. After this examination he is satisfied and ready to meet the Haches.

But the Irishman or Scotchman sits on the fire step, his rifle with bayonet fixed between his knees, the butt of which perhaps is sinking into the mud—the bolt couldn't be opened with a team of horses it is so rusty—but he splits on his sleeve and slowly polishes his bayonet; when this is done he also is ready to argue with Fritz.

It is not necessary to mention the colonials (the Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders), the whole world knows what they have done for England.

The Australian and New Zealander is termed the "Anzac," taking the name from the first letters of their official designation, Australian and New Zealand army corps.

Tommy divides the German army into three classes according to their fighting abilities. They rank as follows: Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons.

When up against a Prussian regiment it is a case of keep your napper below the parapet and duck. A bang-bang all the time and a war is on. The Bavarians are little better, but the Saxons are fairly good sports and are willing occasionally to behave as gentlemen and take it easy, but you can't trust any of them overlong.

At one point of the line the trenches were about thirty-two yards apart. This sounds horrible, but in fact it was easy, because neither side could shell the enemy's front-line trench for fear shells would drop into their own. This eliminated artillery fire.

In these trenches when up against the Prussians and Bavarians, Tommy had a hot time of it, but when the Saxons "took over" it was a picnic; they would yell across that they were Saxons and would not fire. Both sides would sit on the parapet and carry on a conversation. This generally consisted of Tommy telling them how much he loved the Kaiser, while the Saxons informed Tommy that King George was a particular friend of theirs and hoped that he was doing nicely.

When the Saxons were to be relieved by Prussians or Bavarians, they would yell this information across No Man's Land and Tommy would immediately tumble into his trench and keep his head down.

If an English regiment was to be relieved by the wild Irish, Tommy would tell the Saxons, and immediately a volley of "Donner und Blitzen" could be heard and it was Fritz's turn to get a crack in his back from stooping, and the people in Berlin would close their windows.

Usually when an Irishman takes over a trench, just before "stand down" in the morning, he sticks his rifle over the top, aimed in the direction of Berlin, and engages in what is known as the "und minute." This consists of firing fifteen shots in a minute. He is not aiming at anything in particular—just sends over each shot with a prayer, hoping that one of his strays will get some poor unsuspecting Fritz in the napper hundreds of yards behind the lines. It generally does; that's the reason the Haches hate the man from Erin's isle.

The Saxons, though better than the Prussians and Bavarians, have a nasty trait of treachery in their makeup.

At one point of the line where the trenches were very close, a stake was driven into the ground midway between the hostile lines. At night when it was his turn, Tommy would crawl to this stake and attach some London papers to it, while at the foot he would place tins of bully beef, fags, sweets, and other delicacies that he had received from Blighty in the ever looked-for parcel. Later on Fritz would come out and get these luxuries.

The next night Tommy would go out to see what Fritz put into his stocking. The donation generally consisted of a paper from Berlin, telling who was winning the war, some tinned sausages, fags, and occasionally a little beer, but a funny thing, Tommy never returned with the beer unless it was inside of him. His platoon got a whiff of his breath one night and the offending Tommy lost his job.

One night a young English sergeant crawled to the stake and as he tried to detach the German paper a bomb exploded and mangled him horribly. Fritz had set a trap and gained another victim which was only one more black mark against him in the book of this war. From that time on diplomatic relations were severed.

Returning to Tommy, I think his spirit is best shown in the questions he asks. It is never "who is going to win" but always "how long will it take?"

(To be Continued.)



POULTRY

CANDLE EVERY EGG SHIPPED

Simple Outfit May Be Made of Ordinary Pasteboard Box—Defects Should Be Cast Aside.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Only first-class eggs can be marketed by parcel post. The shipping of bad eggs not only will cause dissatisfaction or even loss of the customer, but, in interstate shipments, will violate the federal food law if there are more than 5 per cent of bad eggs in a shipment. The limit allowed, however, is no excuse for any bad eggs among those marketed.

In spite of the greatest care it will sometimes happen under ordinary farm conditions that an occasional bad egg will appear among those sent to market. It would be wise to candle every egg shipped. Candling is "the process of testing eggs by passing light through them so as to reveal the condition of the contents." A simple candling outfit may be made of an ordinary pasteboard box sufficiently large to be placed over a small hand lamp after the ends have been removed. The box should have a hole cut in it on a level with the flame of the lamp. Several notches should be cut in the edges on which the box rests, to supply air to the lamp. The box should be sufficiently large to prevent danger from entering fire. An ordinary pasteboard box will serve the purpose. Candling is done in the dark, or at least away from strong light, and each egg is held against the hole in the side of the box, when its condition may be seen. An egg that shows any defect should not be marketed.

SELECT EGGS FOR HATCHING

Sufficient Number of Choicest Fowls Should Be Housed in Temporary Pen and Yarded.

It is seldom necessary and never desirable to use eggs for hatching from all of the fowls on the farm. A sufficient number of the choicest fowls should be selected for use as breeders. The breeding fowls may be separated from the main flock two or three weeks before it is necessary to begin

to save eggs for hatching. They should be housed in a temporary pen and yarded at one end of the regular poultry house or in portable colony houses and returned to the main flock as soon as the breeding season is over.

FRESH AIR VERY IMPORTANT

Poultry House Should Be Well Ventilated and Fowls Permitted to Exercise in Open.

There is nothing more important to the health of the flock than plenty of fresh air. The poultry house must be well ventilated and the birds should be allowed to exercise in the open air. When the sun shines or the weather is mild, open the windows and door.

POULTRY AIDS MEAT SUPPLY

No Source as Rapid or Cheap—Every Farm Should Have Carefully Cultured Flock of Fowls.

Poultry is profitable. No source of meat supply is as rapid or as cheap. Every pound of poultry produced will help in sending a pound of meat across to the boys that are fighting your battles. Every farm should have a carefully culled flock of not less than two hundred fowls.

EARLY HATCHED CHICKS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The early hatched chicken is not only the chicken that lays the winter egg, but it is the chicken best able to withstand disease and parasites.

It is in the midsummer months that chickens are hurt most by lice. The late hatched chicken has not had time to become large or strong enough to resist lice attacks, but the early hatched chicken by midsummer has become strong and hardy enough to do so. And because the early development of the early hatched bird has preceded the extremely hot months, it is more apt to live through the summer.

Getting Them to Listen.

"One of the surest ways," said Uncle Eben, "to get a crowd highly pleased and interested is to stand up and tell 'em dey is so wicked dey is all gaddered to perdition, or words to dat effect."

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The KITCHEN CABINET

Let no hurt by any selfish deed.
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe
or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy
deed.
Or in by silence where I should de-
fend.

CHICKEN FOR TWO.

Many housewives who have but two or three in family hesitate to buy chicken except when entertaining as it lasts so long. With an ice chest one small chicken will serve three or four meals, for two, not giving very large servings to be sure, but plenty enough to satisfy a good appetite. The second joint is a good serving if grown on a normally active chicken and with a good helping of mashed potato, plenty of good gravy and another vegetable will make a good main dish even for the hearty man. The drum sticks may be boned, stuffed and used as another meal, the wings, neck and back as a stew with biscuits and gravy and there will still be enough bits to combine with apple, celery, and a few nuts to make a most sustaining salad for luncheon. By planning to cook vegetables with meat in a casserole, the meat seasons the vegetables and a small serving will satisfy. Creamed chicken on toast may be one way to use the breast and other bits carefully removed from the bones. The bones, crushed and cooked in cold water will make a cupful or two of good broth, which may commence the dinner. Of course we will not enjoy chicken for four meals closely following, but before there is opportunity for any spilling it may be acceptably served.

The back and neck may be made into a vegetable stew by adding carrots, onions, potatoes and celery with rice and cooking a long time well covered in the oven. For an invalid the delicate fillet taken from the breast broiled in a well-greased paper, makes a most dainty tid-bit.

The breast may be cooked, cut in slices and served as sandwich filling with bacon, making a most popular and satisfying sandwich.

Chicken Jelly.—Take one chicken breast cut fine, and add to a pint of hot chicken stock. Dissolve a package of gelatin in a little cold water and add it to the hot stock. Season well and pour into a mold. Serve cut in various shapes as salad or molded in small forms served on lettuce with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Nellie Maxwell

Tree Lore.

The reason most trees lean toward the northwest, says an old tree trimmer, is because in the summer our prevailing winds are from the southeast; the ground then is soft and the trees are in full leaf, the wind tilts them toward the northwest. In the winter the northern winds do not have this effect on the trees because they are bare of leaves and the ground is hard.

BAKED POTATO

BIG, white, mealy—with butter melting on it. Um-m-m! And you like it because it is baked. Same with Lucky Strike Cigarette

IT'S TOASTED

Cooking makes things delicious—toasting the tobacco has made the Lucky Strike Cigarette famous.



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THE WAR, THE FARM AND THE FARMER

By Herbert Quick

Since the dawn of history the farmer has been the man who suffers most from war. All that he possesses lies out of doors in plain sight, and is spoil of war—his house, his grain, his livestock. But the farmer everywhere is a warrior when war is the only thing which will make and keep him free—either a warrior or a squire. He is sometimes the last to heat up, but he stays hot, and in a long fight he is always found sturdily carrying the battle across No Man's Land to the foe, in the last grim struggle.

This war was at first hard to understand. No armed force invaded the United States. The night skies were not reddened by the burning byres and farmsteads of America. No raiding parties harried us of our cattle or horses. No saboteurs rattled our women. We did not then know that a monster had arisen with a thousand arms, who could reach across the seas and take from us three-fourths of everything we grew without our being aware of it, and who could follow up his robbery with invasion, subjugation and national death.

What the Imperial German government offered the farmers of America in its ruthless submarine warfare was not the loss of profits, but slavery to the sabbat-rattlers of Potsdam, by murdering the people who take our products to market. By all the laws of civilized warfare commerce under a neutral flag was free from any hindrance except the local interference justified by war; but the Germans not only stopped merchant vessels, they sank them without warning and without trace.

Having the right, according to the laws of war, to take the sea with his feet and fight the thing out gun to gun, but being afraid to do so for fear he might lose his feet, or unable to stop the sailing of our products to his enemies or to open his own ports to us by fair means, he declared his intention to do it by the foulest methods ever resorted to in war.

To have submitted would have cost us dear in prosperity; but that would have been the least of our loss. By so doing we should have accepted degradation. We should have accepted, at the behest of a half crazed autocrat in Europe, a lower standard of living in America. We should have basely yielded up our birthright as Americans. Peace at such a price would not be peace, but only a preparation for a future revolt against subjugation. Better any sort of war, better war forever than that!

This, then, is the war in which we are fighting. Whenever the time comes for new sacrifices, let us remember that we fight not only for the liberty of the Belgians, the French, the Serbians, the Roumanians, the British, the Montenegrins, the Italians, the Greeks, but of all nations, even of the German people themselves; and most of all, for our own liberties—for our freedom

today! There is loss and sacrifice in the war; but there would have been far more in accepting the German terms. We should have lost more in money than we shall spend in the war; and something far more precious than money—our souls!

This is the crucial year of the war. Our soldiers—hundreds of thousands of them—are in the trenches, and a million more are ready to go. The whole burden of carrying on our own part in the war, and of aiding our sister nations in arms, rests on the United States Treasury. Therefore every cent we can raise and scrape together belongs to the Treasury, that our boys may come back to us victorious. We can whip the Germans, not with the money in our pockets or our bank accounts, but with what we put into the Treasury in subscriptions to Liberty Bonds!

Never since the Turks threatened to overwhelm Europe, perhaps not even then, was the world in such danger as now. Germany is not yet defeated. We must defeat her this year. We must withhold nothing from the support of the war. We must give our sons. We must bring forth food in abundance, multiplying our labor to that end. We must give into the Treasury of the United States, in subscriptions to Liberty Bonds, every cent we can spare.

This summer the support of the war is up to the farmers; and Uncle Sam has never called upon the farmers in vain.

WHY WE FIGHT.

"You are called into this great service of your country not only for the purpose of maintaining the ideal for which America has always stood—democracy and freedom, and to keep the torch of Liberty burning throughout the world—but also for this more immediate object, the protection of our national rights and the democratic institutions handed down to us as the result of the valor and blood of our ancestors. These are the things for which you fight."

From Secretary McAdoo's Address to Men of the National Army.

Malda Hill.

It is now more than a century since an English army fought in Italy, and won the battle of Malda over the French. Napoleon had vowed to conquer Sicily, and for that purpose the French pushed on into Calabria, and began to make extensive preparations. But the English forces for the defense of Sicily prepared to deal a blow on the mainland. A force of 5,000 men landed in the bay of St. Emphemia, and the battalions of the French fell before the bayonets of the British. Napoleon's hopes were shattered at a stroke. But the "daily-bread" from Killbuck traveling into London by way of the Elbow road, never suspects as he passes by Malda Hill and Malda Valley, the origin of the name.—Christian Science Monitor.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

U. S. SOLDIERS CONFIDENT THEY CAN WHIP BOCHE

Troops in France Are Training to the Highest Point of Efficiency.

KNOW NO FEAR OF FRITZ

Soldier Writes of Work and Experiences With Army at the Front—Old Regulars to Be Used as Crack Units of the United States Forces.

Dear —: This is the first time I have had—or have taken—for letter writing in some days. I wrote home, and will devote the rest of the minutes between now and bedtime to a long-delayed letter to you. I only just returned to my company after being away for a month—in a blazed sight colder place. I had a long and wonderful trip, the details of which I can't, of course, recount. Let it be mentioned, however, that among other things I did was sleep in a real steam-heated room, with sheets, five electric lights, all going at once, and a bathroom. I was a next-door neighbor of Hank Wiles, of the I. N. S., who, I discovered, worked in Sacramento, taking the job I left when I went to Panama. He knows you, and I mentioned that I did, but didn't go into any details. My trip, my one night of luxury and my reversion to the life of the army have brought a realization of one thing, though:

To pervert the title and main strain of the latest Broadway and first-line trench hit, the fun is over, over here. From now on it's business.

France, to the American soldier, never again will be what it has been. This thought began to formulate itself in the minds of the lucky Americans who came over here in the late summer of 1917, about the time the snow began to fall and the fog to come in from the coast. Now it has crystallized. The grave, wide-spread, shivering six-months' welcome of France is over. It was a welcome not so much regal as it was genuine—not one such as is spoken of at a banquet when the mayor turns the hypothetical keys of the city over, but of the man who opens his home and his all and says, not in words, but in deeds, "You are one with us; what we have is yours." And fortunate were the Americans who were present at this welcome. The army that comes this year will be welcomed, but not as we were.

No Longer a Novelty.

Not that France has intentionally moderated her tone. There has been a merely natural relaxation, of course, and the "soldat Americaine" now is accepted more as a matter of course than as a novelty. But the big factors are that the United States is getting into the war—and it is winter. There is less liberty now than there was—no all-night passes, and frequently Sunday is broken by inspection and drills. There is no military permission to visit nearby cities except on business. Visiting of the cafes is permitted only between noon and 2 p. m. and 8 p. m. and 8:30 for officers and enlisted men. Winter has brought long nights and cold days, its Red Cross sweaters and the 17 pairs of socks from home, and, incidentally, the keenest appreciation of three fruits of civilization which "huck home" are such common-places that their existence creates no more thought than the flea on Hector's back.

These are light, heat and water. War, and its concomitant economies, cause a step backward in evolution and human progress—superficially, at least—and luxuries vanish, one by one, while what, the American of today subconsciously considers as necessities are snatched. An acre or so ago water and artificial heat and light might have been considered a luxury, or a disinclination by our developing ancestors. But now they are normally in the class of things we must have. There is, of course, no alarming scarcity of any of these things. Merely a conservation.

Over here we hear that the lights are going out on Broadway, and Dearborn street, and Canal street, and Market street; that they are mixing soft coal with hard to conserve, but at the same time give the flat dweller a warm radiator to get up by. And then we figure that the scintillating, on-and-off cigarette sign, at the corner of Broadway and Sixth avenue, for instance, would supply enough light for a whole division; that just one of those restless snakes pursuing each other around the edges of that sign would illuminate the whole of this Grand Hotel du France, in which we now are billeted, and be a distinct betterment on our present two-candle power (actual) lighting plant.

Every Town Has One.

I am divulging no "outstanding physical characteristics which might betray locality" when I mention the Grand Hotel du France. They are as common as Maxim's restaurants in the United States. Every town has one, and they generally are august, aged hostels, living, like the Mississippi river steamboats, on their reputation. This one is a comparative juvenile. It is only one hundred and one years old, according to a corner stone we discovered the other day. But it has a lastest electric wiring and plumbing and a furnace in the basement, and if we only had just the rattle on the end of that snake's tail hanging on a cord in room No. 12 there would be four brilliant soldiers in that "petit chagiere."

When the United States took over the Grand Hotel du France it got it unfurnished, of course. It immediately furnished it with two double-bed

lunks of the latest type—nothing more. We sleep two in a corner, and I have one of the lowers. We have discovered, by the way, a virtue in this arrangement. The beds are sturdy, but can be jarred by a jiggling of the body, and in the event that your bedmate, above or below, is addicted to snoring (and you would be surprised how many soldiers are) you can always stop him by "rocking the cradle" until he turns over. This is very handy. It saves looking all over the room for a shoe when you get up in the morning.

There are four of us in this room. The most optimistic of the succeeding landlords of this hostelry must have had trouble in recommending it to the four generations of transients who have added here and gone. But all the soldiers do not fare so. We are lucky! A relative of a soldier "billed out" was looking for him recently. The headquarters of the company were in a former private dwelling house.

"Take a look upstairs," said a brother soldier. "If you don't find him there look out in the carriage house and in the barn loft. If he's not there he'll be in the chicken house."

Our room doesn't afford even that relic of the castle and pride of the bungalow, a fireplace. But our next-door neighbor's does, and we are officially assigned to hang out around his grate. That solves the heat problem, and also the bathing question.

Bathing facilities are limited in France—at least that. In all of France, for example, there is probably not one of those boozers who bothers you about statistics on his daily maternal foundation. I do not know the favorite Saturday night pastime of the people, either, but I can say that if there is a modern bathtub in this particular town the Americans have not yet found it. So we merely heat a kerosene canful of water—at our neighbor's fireplace—and take a "bird bath." As there are eight men who must perform this ablution about one fireplace, and a good soldier takes a bath twice a week, and there are only seven nights in the week, this grate is a busy place.

Drinking water is obtained only after difficulties sometimes. The American doctors are taking no one's word about the supply but their own, and we are allowed to partake only after samples have been tested. Frequently, when in a town, the municipal supply is voided and the supply is brought in in trucks from distant points. But I am not so skeptical of water as I was.

Our last station was near a hospital. In front of this hospital always hung a big canvas bag full of invitingly cool water. I cannot speak for the whole company, but my squad I knew used always to drink thereof. We had kept it up for something near a month when one day a doctor in tortoise-shell glasses and a white apron espied a soldier purloining a drink. He became immediately very vociferously apprehensive and expostulatory.

"For the great jumped-up Holy Moses, man," said he, "don't drink that. That's where we keep all the samples of contaminated water from this part of France."

Find Disease Germs.

In the last 17 days we've found germs of 13 deadly diseases right in that container. There are nine million bacteria to the square inch in that—enough germs in that bag to kill the whole German army. I should say that my squad consumed several cubic feet of that water, and I don't know enough about mathematics to compute the

PROTEGE OF MRS. MARSHALL



Clarence I. Morrison, now Morrison Marshall, protegee of Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of the vice president, has developed from a tiny, undergrown infant to a bouncing seventeen-month-old boy. Mrs. Marshall found him in a Washington diet kitchen infirmary and asked the mother to loan him to her for care in her own home. He was one of twins, and the mother is caring for the other. The Marshalls have not adopted this one, but they have an indefinite "loan" of him. Part of his rejuvenation was due to a few weeks in Michigan and Arizona where his foster parents went for a vacation, number of germs. But we're all alive, and that was two months ago.

But enough of this gassing. I resolved to be brief in my letters, and here I've blundered over onto the third page. It has been cold where I am, but the last few days have been like springtime. Where I was last was up in the snow belt, where it gets on the ground and stays there, the only hopeful word the natives can give being that "it goes off the ground in April." Without going into details, though, I learned one hopeful thing. While away I had an opportunity of talking with a lot of Americans who have been in the trenches. They were from different groups of troops and had been "in" at different times. And they all

were confident that the Americans can whip the Germans at every stage of the game. This isn't the boast of a few, but the consensus of the calm opinion of about 40, I guess, that I talked to. It was very encouraging, coming from men who have had a mouthful of the front. Most of the fellows were from the old American regular army—from the units over here, which are the only ones still intact, I believe. They are being trained to the highest point of military efficiency possible, and, they say, are to be used as the crack units of the United States forces, corresponding with the famous "chock" units of the German and other armies. I guess the same is true of the Rainbow division of the National Guard, which got such a send-off in the States.

Regulars Fare Worse.

The old regular army fellows seemed to have fared worse than the rest of us. They came over early in the game, most of them straight from the border with only a few days in the East, and went into training immediately. They were quartered up where the war has left an obvious mark and taken most of the superfluities. They've been going hard ever since, learning everything of the latest weapons, maneuvers, signals and military science that the French, British and Americans had to teach them. They're probably the soundest bunch of men, physically, in the world. And yet they're greatly neglected. This is because they come from the United States in general and no place in particular. Most of the regiments here come from a distant locality, and the folks back home organize welfare societies and send 'em tobacco and sweaters, but the regulars don't get in on this.

I had a few letters from the coast and probably will get more when the Christmas mail, which is still coming in, catches up.

Till in Guerd is Finis,

ROSS.

P. S.—The army censor who O-K'd the above letter added in his own handwriting the following wall:

"P. S.—Above statements regarding the regular forces being more or less forgotten are true, too true. I, too, am from the regular service and I happen to know we were overlooked only too well."

SHOWS SPIRIT OF ALLIES

Letter From French Girl to Red Cross Worker Gives Vision of the War.

Chicago.—A letter from a sixteen-year-old French girl to Dr. John Finley of this city, who is active in Red Cross work, contains a vision of the meaning of the great war. In part, she says:

"It was almost a river, almost a brook, called the Yser, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates from right and justice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drove through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France came into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching."

HORSE MEAT IS IN DEMAND

Shops Recently Established in New York Continue to Increase Their Business.

New York.—The horse meat shops recently established here continue to increase their business. The antipathy toward them on the part of the beef meat shops has been overcome. Prevailing prices will show why the popularity of the meat is increasing and why the aversion of some persons is being overcome:

Steak, round, porterhouse or sirloin, per lb.	12½ c
Pot roast, per lb.	10 c
Flank, per lb.	7 c
Flit stew, per lb.	6 c
Soup bone, per lb.	4 c
Bologna, per lb.	12½ c

"GRANDMA" GETS REPLY TO NOTE IN SWEATER

Lonaconing, Md.—Among the sweaters sent recently by Lonaconing women to the Red Cross for shipment to the expeditionary army was one knitted by "Grandma" Bradley, ninety-two, in which she inserted a note in one of the sleeves asking the soldier who received it to write her a letter. She has just received a reply from France. The sweater was received by a Lonaconing boy, a lad whom she had known when he was a child.

WOODEN COYOTE LAUNCHED.

First of Cargo Carriers Under Ferris Ship Plan.

Newark, N. J.—The first of ten Ferris type wooden ships being built by the Foundation Shipbuilding Company here was launched. The vessel was christened the Coyote by Miss Phyllis Hughes, daughter of the late Senator Hughes of New Jersey. City and state officials were present at the launching. The vessel was designed by Theodore N. Ferris, who recently resigned from the United States Shipping Board.

Utilize Burning Mine's Blast.

At Zwickau, in Saxony, a fire is still burning, or was burning when war was declared, which began in the fifteenth century. This also is a burning coal mine, and as long ago as 1537 that German thoroughness which the world is learning so sadly to understand put even a burning mine to use, by conveying the hot air through pipes to conservatories of vast extent and productivity.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1918.

NOTES.

SABBATHARIAN CHURCH ON HARNLEY STREET

(Extract from George H. Richardson Scrapbook)

"At a yearly meeting of the church at Westerlie 17 of the 7 month 1708. It is ordered and appointed by mutual agreement of the church that that part of the congregation in and about Westerlie shall be henceforward a distinct congregation by themselves and also that part of the congregation in and about Rhode Island shall be a distinct church or congregation from them at Newport yt worst present at sd meeting do consent by letters yt hand since yt meeting passed betwixt us and them and for several weighty reasons yt was then considered of we have consented that henceforward we on Rhode Island shall be a distinct church from our brethren at or about Westerlie in association and entire communion as heretofore, our brethren at and about Westerlie do consent yt Brothers Joseph Crandall att present be the administrator of Baptism both to them and us as may appear by a letter from the church from Westerlie 19 of ye 10 month 1708.

The Church of Christ in and about Westerlie keeping ye commandment of God and ye faith of Christ to ye Church of Christ in and about Rhode Island in the same faith and order in fellowship with us sendeth greeting Desiring yt all grace mercy and peace may be multiplied inn you and that you may be rooted and established in love and a blessing to each other by the Spirit of God dwelling in your hearts as long as you shall remain in this Tabernacle.

Amen.

Beloved brethren you may understand yt we have your letter sent by Brother Barker dated ye 27 of ye 9 mo 1708 wherein you signified yt if Joseph Crandall may be at least at present looked upon as ye administrator of Baptism to both us and you you can and do consent with us yt we may be henceforth two churches as above sd in Association.

Whereupon we taking it into consideration doo att present consent that he may be ye administrator of that ordinance if you desire it notwithstanding we should be glad to hear you have set apart a man amongst you for the office of a deacon knowing yt it is the churches duty to be supplied with those officers they stand in need of So we commit you to God and the word of His grace and remain your Brethren in the bonds of the Gospel. Signed in ye be half of church.

JOHN MAXON, Sen.
JOSEPH CLARK, Sen.
POTTER CRANDALL
JOHN MAXON, Junr

William Hiseox, first pastor of the first Seventh-day Baptist Church in America, was born in 1638, embraced the views of the Seventh-day Baptists in 1666, was chosen pastor of the church in Newport in December, 1671, held the position 33 years, or until his death in May, 1701.

William Gibson, second pastor of the church in Newport, came to this country from London in October, 1675, succeeded Mr. Hiseox at the latter's death in 1701. He died in 1717, having occupied the pastoral office thirteen years.

Joseph Crandall was the third pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church in Newport. He was a member of that church as early as the year 1692, at which period the earliest existing records of the church commence. Of the date of his birth or his baptism, we have no means of ascertaining. He was ordained elder of this church May 8, 1715, and pastor at the death of elder Gibson in 1717. He died on the 12th or 13th Sept. 1737.

John Maxon was the fourth pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Newport, was chosen to the office of deacon and authorized to administer the ordinance of baptism, in accordance with the previous practice of that church, viz: that all candidates for the ministry should first become deacons, supplied the pulpit for some time, and was ordained pastor Nov. 24, 1754, the pastorate having been vacant since the death of Elder Joseph Crandall in 1737, a period of seventeen years. He died March 2, 1778, age 65 years.

William Bliss was the fifth pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church in Newport, born in 1728, ordained to the ministry in 1779, was installed pastor of this church Dec. 24, 1789. He died May 4, 1808, in the 81st year of his age.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

10075. SAVERY—William Savery and Elizabeth Ashbrook were married in Newport —, 1743. Can anyone give the full date of this marriage?—S. W. A.

10076. WILCOX—Peg Barker married — Wilcox, April 5, 1763. What is the parentage of — Wilcox and what is her full name?—Any information will be gladly received.—S. E. W.

10077. SIMMONS—In the Vital Records of Little Compton I find the birth of Susanna Simmons on July 8, 1742. She was the daughter of Joseph and Rebecca. I would like to know what Rebecca's maiden name was.—E. F. L.

10078. CHURCH—Whom did Richard Church, of Little Compton, marry in 1637? Any information concerning this Richard Church will be helpful.

10079. FEKE—I would like to know the parentage of Eleanor (Cousins) Feke. She was the wife of Robert Feke. They were married in New-

Swift & Company's 1918 Year Book

shows that Swift & Company sells the meat from a steer for less money than the live steer cost!

Proceeds from the sale of the hide, fat, and other by-products covered all expense of dressing, refrigeration, freight, selling expense and the profit of \$1.29 per steer as shown by Swift & Company's 1917 figures as follows:

Average price paid for live cattle per steer	\$84.45
Average price received for meat	68.97
Average price received for by-products	24.09
Total received	93.06
This leaves for expenses and profit	8.61
Of which the profit per steer was	1.29

There are many other interesting and instructive facts and figures in the Year Book.

We want to send our 1918 Year Book, to anyone, anywhere — free for the asking. Address Swift & Company, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office, December 10, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 7351 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twentieth day of November, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court February 20th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of September, A. D. 1917, in favor of Thomas J. Murphy of Newport, plaintiff, and against William P. Dawley of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, William P. Dawley, had on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1917, at 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: North on land formerly of Charles H. Langley estate; East on land formerly of Estate of David Read; South on Levin street and West on land of R. O. Fontaine, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

2-16-1w FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., Mar. 13, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 20th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

3-16

Newport, R. I., March 20, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 3d day of April, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

3-23

PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

March 18th, 1918.

Estate of Joseph T. Donovan, of the person and estate of Joseph T. Donovan, said Newport, minor, presents her petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situated in said Newport, being one undivided half part of all that certain lot or parcel of land in said City of Newport with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: North on land of R. O. Fontaine, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, and for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale, and said petition is received and referred to the First day of April next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

The next liberty loan, which has already been launched, will be for three billions, of which thirty millions are assigned to be raised in Rhode Island. One million eight hundred thousand are assigned to Newport county. The rate for the new loan is 4 1/2 per cent.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate's Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

Forward March

And as we rush to a trade conquest that will carry everything before it, our lines extend to every furnishing need you can possibly have, and they are filled with the pick of the markets. We have been recruiting for months past and today both store and storehouse are filled to the brim.

Our Big Guns

Are loaded to the muzzle with better priced good things than you could reasonably expect under present conditions—in a word, our stocks are bigger and better than ever before and prices are but little more than factories are selling the same thing for today. Our anticipation is proving your salvation.

Everything to Furnish the Home.

Look us over

TITUS'

The Lowest Priced Furniture Store in Town

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

March 18th, 1918.

Estate of Margaret Irene Donovan, of the person and estate of Margaret Irene Donovan, said Newport, minor, presents her petition in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of certain Real Estate, situated in said Newport, being one undivided half part of all that certain lot or parcel of land in said City of Newport with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: North on Rhode Island Avenue, fifty feet; Northwesterly on a way ten feet wide running from Rhode Island Avenue, fifty and nine feet; Northwesterly on land of Mabel White, fifty feet; and Southwesterly on land of William J. Easton, fifty and nine feet; and the interest of said ward in and to the said ten-foot wide way; the whole of said parcel of real estate being subject to a mortgage held by the Savings Bank of Newport, upon which the sum of Sixteen hundred dollars of principal money still remains due and unpaid; and praying for reasons therein stated, that she may be authorized and empowered to sell said minor's interest in said Real Estate at public auction or private sale, for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale; and said petition is received and referred to the First day of April next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 18th, 1918.

Estate of John J. Tracy, of the person and estate of John J. Tracy, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and said petition is received and referred to the First day of April next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

3-23-3w

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office, December 10, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 7351 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court April 20th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1917, in favor of Jane Leonard and Andre Van Camp and partners doing business as Jane and Andre, in the City, County and State of New York, who are as trustees for their assignee, E. L. Brady Company of the City, County and State of New York, plaintiff, and against J. C. Malley alias Jane Doe, of Newport aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, J. C. Malley alias Jane Doe, had on the 31st day of July, A. D. 1917, at 3 o'clock past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: A certain lot and parcel of land known as the Caldwell Estate, Northwesterly on Kay Street, Northwesterly on land of Daniel T. Swinburn, Easterly on said Swinburn's land, Southwesterly on land formerly of Walden Pell and land formerly of Thomas Coggeshall, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit my own fees, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

2-9-1w FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 7, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office, December 3rd, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 2802 issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Newport, on the 15th day of November, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court May 25th, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1917, in favor of Driscoll, Inc., a corporation located and doing business in the City of Boston in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Mrs. J. C. Malley of Newport, in the County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 30 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Mrs. J. C. Malley, had at the time of this levy, in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northwesterly on Kay Street, Northwesterly on land known as the Caldwell Estate; Southwesterly on land of Daniel T. Swinburn; Easterly on said Swinburn's land; Southwesterly again on Greenwood Place and Southwesterly on land formerly of Walden Pell and land formerly of Thomas Coggeshall, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

2-9-1w FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 7, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., March 28, A. D. 1918.